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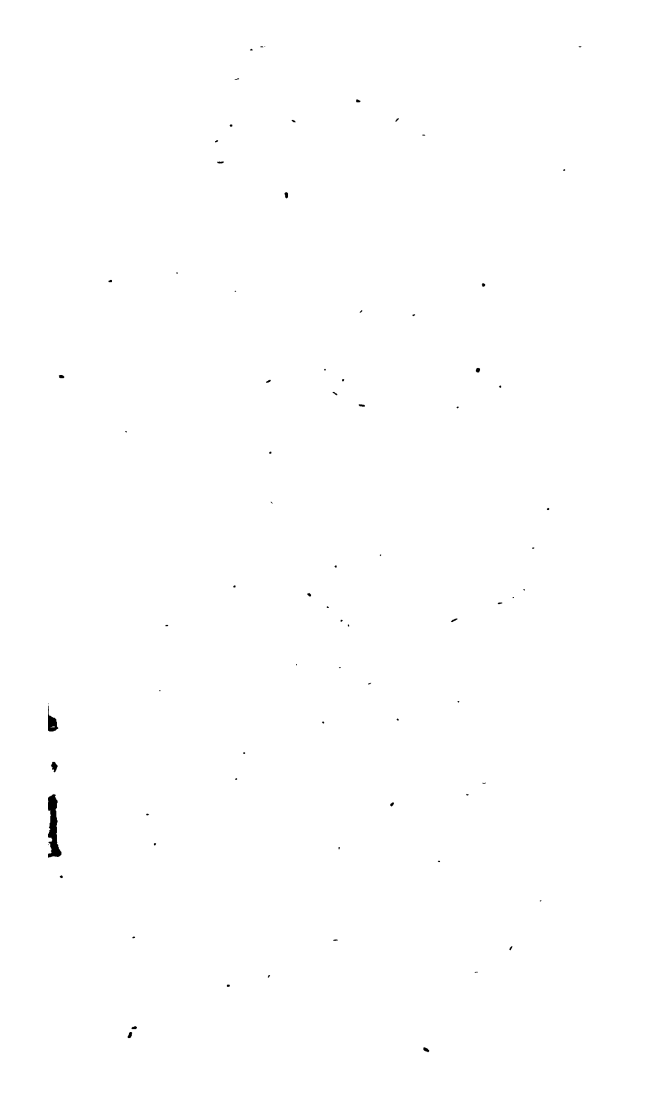


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S. H. 1828.

NEW SELECTION

OF

HYMNS,

Especially adapted to

PUBLIC WORSHIP,

AND

INTENDED AS A SUPPLEMENT TO DR. WATTS' PSALMS
AND HYMNS.

The entire Profits to be given to the Widows and Orphans of
Baptist Ministers and Missionaries.

LONDON:

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1828.

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PREFACE.

THE pre-eminent value of Dr. WATTS's Psalms and Hymns has been so universally acknowledged, that scarcely any new volume of similar pretensions has been presented to the public without a tribute of admiration to the labours of this almost inspired poet. He has rendered signal service to the Church of Christ, and it is not improbable that his flowing numbers and harmonious verse will be employed to express the devotional feelings of believers, even to their latest generation.

The topics of our belief and practice are, however, so numerous, as to render it impossible for any *one* mind to identify itself with all others under the diversified circumstances of Christian experience. On many subjects Dr. Watts has expatiated with the richest variety, but others he has less frequently introduced, and some there are which have altogether escaped his notice.

It has been the endeavour of the compilers of the present work in some measure to supply this deficiency. They have attempted to select from the immense number of hymns already published, ¹

which combine devotion with poetry, and which, by unquestionable merit, deserve to be associated with others, already the vehicles of our thought and feeling when under a hallowed excitement.

The object of this undertaking is two-fold: first, to furnish the public, but especially our own denomination, with a superior collection of Hymns at a moderate price; and, secondly, to create a Fund from the profits of the book, to be applied to the relief of Widows and Orphans of Baptist Missionaries and Ministers.

The money already appropriated from different sources to the necessitous families of deceased ministers is not by any means sufficient to meet the numerous and increasing applications of this nature, whilst the funds specifically available to the relief of the Widow and Orphans of the *Christian Missionary* are still less adequate.

It is well known that the large and respectable body of Wesleyan Methodists derive a considerable income from the sale of their Hymn book. Could our churches also be induced generally to adopt a Collection of Hymns, the profits of which should be devoted to this benevolent purpose, it would tend greatly to assist them in sustaining burdens they are ill able to bear, and also to lessen the anxiety of our ministers respecting their families, in the event of their decease.

It is presumed that this benevolent feature in the plan will recommend the work to the sanction of the denomination at large, and induce ministers and deacons, both in London and the country, to promote its adoption in their respective congregations.

In the selection of the hymns great care has been taken to secure, as far as possible, the combination of harmonious versification with correct sentiment and devotional feeling. It has been the object of the compilers to avoid, on the one hand, a phraseology beneath the sacred feeling we ought to cherish in worship, and to reject, on the other, those refinements of language which would be above the level of ordinary capacities.

If they have not succeeded to the extent of their wishes, they yet hope that this Collection will be found to contain less that is objectionable, and more that a correct judgment will approve, than almost any other Hymn book yet published. In some cases, where it seemed impracticable to combine all the qualities they wished, the less important considerations were sacrificed to the greater, that certain hymns might be retained, on account of the high sanction they had already received from the general approbation of the Christian public.

The Editors have to express their grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Montgomery for allowing them to insert some of his compositions; and they also take this opportunity of returning thanks to other kind friends, who have presented them with original hymns. The greater number, however, have been selected from Doddridge, Steele, Beddome, Cowper, Newton, and others, to whom the Church of Christ are deeply indebted for pleasurable emotions, which belong to the holiest, and therefore the happiest hours of our existence.

The volume is now committed to the candid reception of the religious public, and to the bless-

of Almighty God, with the hope that it will promote, by its extensive circulation, the benevolent object above alluded to; and at the same time be allowed to supply many devout Christians with the songs of Zion in this "house of their pilgrimage," till the feeble praises of earth shall be exchanged for the rapturous hallelujahs of heaven.

London.

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THE NEW SELECTION OF HYMNS.

I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1 *Light and glory of the Word.* C. M.

1 **A** GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

2 *The excellency of the Word.* C. M.

1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

STEELE.

3 *Knowledge and comfort from the Bible. L. M.*

1 **W**E search thy glorious word, O God ;
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre on the road,
That leads the soul to bliss and heaven.

2 The gospel yields supreme delight,
And quickens our inactive powers ;
It sets our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

3 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true ;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;
It comforts and instructs us too.

4 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord ;
And his distinguished grace adore,
That makes you know and love his word.

4 *Scripture the source of heavenly light.* C. M.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy, it still imparts
 And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

FAWCETT.

5 *Delight in the Scriptures.* L. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sacred book of God;
 No other can its place supply:
 It points me to the saints' abode;
 It gives me wings, and bids me fly.
- 2 Blest book! in thee my eyes discern
 The image of my absent Lord;
 From thine instructive page I learn
 The joys his presence will afford.
- 3 Then shall I need thy light no more,
 For nothing shall be then concealed;
 When I have reached the heavenly shore,
 The Lord himself will stand revealed.
- 4 When, 'midst the throng celestial placed,
 The bright original I see,
 From which thy sacred page was traced,
 Blest book! I've no more need of thee.

- 5 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

KELLY.

6 *Instruction and solace from the Scriptures. C. M.*

- 1 **T**HE word reveals a Saviour's grace,
Its height, and breadth, and length;
It points us to his righteousness,
And arms us with his strength.
- 2 It cheers our minds, like heavenly dew,
Or kind refreshing rain;
And when affliction brings us low,
It softens every pain.
- 3 This word shall be our heritage,
Our portion and delight,
In sickness or declining age,
When death appears in sight.
- 4 Then will it cheer the darksome path,
And brighten all the gloom;
While steadfast hope and humble faith
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

7 *Light and comfort from the Scriptures. L. M.*

- 1 **M**Y soul to God, its source, aspires!
Come, Lord, and fill my vast desires!
Be thou my portion; here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possess'd.
- 2 Oh! let thy sacred word impart
Its generous influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.

- 3 Thy blissful word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat ;
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.
- 4 Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies ;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more ;
- 5 Oh ! may I reach the blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

STEELE.

8

Word of God suitably received. L. M.

- 1 **T**HY word, O Lord ! is light and food,
The law of truth, and source of good :
There thou hast pointed out my way
To pardon and perpetual day
- 2 May I receive it, Lord, as thine,
Receive it as the word divine,
With firm assent, with listening ear,
With bending heart, and filial fear.
- 3 Make me to know its saving might,
Its quickening power, its cheering light :
May it my stubborn heart subdue,
And still my sinful soul renew
- 4 Oh ! let it richly dwell within,
To keep me from the snares of sin,
And guide me still to choose my way,
That I no more may go astray.

- 5 Thus shall I stand approv'd of God,
And follow still the heavenly road :
Here like an heir of heaven shall live,
And there a crown of life receive.

9 *The love of God revealed in the Scriptures.*

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW let my soul, eternal King !
To thee its grateful tribute bring
My knee with humble homage bow ;
My tongue perform its solemn vow.
- 2 All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above ;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.
- 3 There what delightful truths I read !
There I behold a Saviour bleed ;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.
- 4 There, Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace ;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong,
And distant climes thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

RECINBOTHOM.

10 *Bible indited and preserved by God.* L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old
With strong prophetic impulse fired.

- 2 Fill'd with thy great Almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flow'd;
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.
- 3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood;
And to a numerous seeking crowd
Mark'd out the path to his abode.
- 4 The powers of earth and hell, in vain
Against the sacred word combine;
Thy providence, through every age,
Securely guards the book divine.
- 5 Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from Thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore. SCOTT.

II *Blessings conveyed by the Scriptures. L. M.*

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of a humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

- 5 Our raging passions it controuls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye ;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage !

REDDOME.

12

The riches of God's word.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favorite god pursue ;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.
- 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight ;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.
- 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold ;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.
- 4 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet :
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.
- 5 Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied :
Nought we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.
- 6 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

STENNETT.

13

Invitations of Scripture.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the joyful sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

STEELE.

14

Imitation and acceptance.

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, weary souls with sin distress'd,
Come, and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove,
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

STANLEY.

II. SCRIPTURE DOCTRINES.

I. CHARACTER AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD

15 *Being of God proved from his works. L. M.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies:
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise:
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 [The flowery tribes all blooming rise
Above the weak attempts of art;
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.]
- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God;
Bow down before him, and adore.

STANLEY.

16

Eternity of God.

* C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space.
- 2 Before the ponderous earthly globe,
In fluid air was stayed,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed;
- 3 Ere through the gloom of antient night,
The streaks of light appeared;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were reared;
- 4 Ere men adored, or angels knew,
Or praised thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred spring of life!
Thy glory was the same.
- 5 And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;
- 6 When from her orb the moon shall start,
The astonished sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their antient course forsake;
- 7 For ever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years
Shall thy existence be.

ROW

17 *The Immutability of God.* C. M.

1 **T**HRO' endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!

Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid,
By Thee the beauteous arch of heaven,
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy powerful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And changed at thy command.

4 But thy eternal state, O Lord!
No length of time shall waste:
Thy power and wisdom, truth and grace,
From age to age shall last.

5 Thou to the children of thy saints,
Shalt endless blessings give:
They in their fathers' God shall trust,
And in thy presence live.

BRADY AND TATE.

18 *God above all praise.* L. M.

1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God—
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step beneath thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet:
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

CHARACTER AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

- 3 Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 4 Lord! what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
"The great, the holy, and the high."
- 5 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 6 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes; our words be few:
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

WATTS' LYRICS.

19

Self-sufficiency of God.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and He too bright;
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans and feels her prop;
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.

- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound;
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

WATTS' LYRICS.

20

Divine Sovereignty.

C. M.

- 1 **K** EEP silence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book;
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, He exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there the following page He turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why;
Nor God the reason gives

Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

WATTS' LYRICS.

21 *God omniscient and almighty.* C. M.

1 GREAT God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate, and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust;

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be imprest!
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast!

4 By Thee observed, by Thee upheld,
Should earth or hell oppose;
I press with dauntless courage on,
To meet the proudest foes.

5 Begirt with Thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind the immortal crown
Of glory, on my head.

SCOTT

22

The majesty and glory of God.

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men! in sacred lays
 Attempt your great Creator's praise:
 But who an equal song can frame?
 What verse can reach the lofty theme?
- 2 He sits enthroned amidst the spheres,
 And glory like a garment wears;
 His boundless wisdom, power, and grace,
 Command our awe, transcend our praise.
- 3 Before his throne, a shining band
 Of cherubs and of seraphs stand;
 Ethereal spirits, who in flight
 Outstrip the rapid speed of light.
- 4 To God all nature owes its birth,
 He formed this ponderous globe of earth;
 He raised the glorious arch on high,
 And measured out the azure sky.
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Bear the great impress of his name.
- 6 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 His high perfections let us sing;
 O let his praise employ our tongue,
 Whilst listening worlds applaud the song!

BLACKLOCK.

23

The majesty of God.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high;
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

CHARACTER AND ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. 24, 25

- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

STERNHOLD.

24 *God surpassing knowledge.* L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will!

KIPPIS.

25 *The wisdom and equity of God.* L. M.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
 Performs his work, the cause conceals;
 But, though his methods are unknown,
 Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
 He executes his firm decrees;
 And by his saints it stands confess'd,
 'That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
 Prostrate before his awful seat;
 And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
 Trust in a wise and gracious God.

HEDDOME.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness
 reigns
 Through all the wide celestial plains;
 And its full streams redundant flow
 Down to th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
 The cares of Providence are thine:
 And grace erects our ruined frame
 A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart,
 To taste and feel how good thou art;
 With grateful love, and reverend fear,
 To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song:
 Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong:
 Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
 All vocal with your Maker's praise.

- 5 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue;
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Called by your condescending King,
For ever round his throne to sing.

DODDRIDGE.

27 *God adored for his goodness.* L. M.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record,
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth in verdant robes arrayed,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade:
Peopled with life of various forms,
Fishes and fowls, and beasts and worms
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son in flesh arrayed,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar,
There in the land of praise adore;
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an undeclining day.

DODDRIDGE

28 *Divine grace especially displayed in the Gospel.*
C. M.

1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in Thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy Almighty love
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

STERILE.

29 *The goodness and mercy of God.* C. M.

1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!

- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen:
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

GIBBONS.

30 *Divine mercy in moderating trials.* C. M.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will;
And, awed by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy softens every blast
To them that seek thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

DODDGE.

31 *God unchangeable in his love.* C. M.

- 1 **Y**E heavens, send forth your song of praise!
 Earth, raise your voice below!
 Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
 And joy through nature flow.
- 2 Behold, how gracious is our God!
 Hear the consoling strains,
 In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
 And mitigates our pains.
- 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
 In sad dismay to mourn,
 As if the Lord could leave his saints
 Forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
 The infant whom she bore?
 And can its plaintive cries be heard,
 Nor move compassion more?
- 5 She may forget; nature may fail
 A parent's heart to move;
 But Zion on his heart shall dwell
 In everlasting love.
-

32 *God the best friend.* C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to Thee.
- 2 The friends, who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes are flown;
 And he, who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone.

- 3 But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers ;
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too ;
- 5 Then sorrow touch'd by Thee grows bright,
With more than summer ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We could not see by day.

33

God worthy of confidence.

C. M.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight ;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.
- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And droop like withering flowers ;
Nor time, nor death, can break that band,
Which makes Jehovah ours.
- 3 My cares, I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust ;
Well may I trust my all with him,
With whom my soul I trust.

CONDENSED.

34

Condescension of God.

C. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power, Almighty God !
Who can approach thy throne ?
The purest light is thine abode,
To angel's eyes unknown.

- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and wee?
- 4 How strange, how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.
- 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise. STEELE.

35

The holiness of God.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry;
Thrice holy! let us sing.
- 2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 4 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

- 5 Thou holy God ! preserve our souls
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

NEEDHAM.

36 *Immutability of God, and frailty of
the creature.* L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name ;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday ;
And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light ;
Which shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun ;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies ;
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

DODDRIFF

II. CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

37 *The glory of God declared in the heavens. L. M.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?—
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?—
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

ADDISON.

38 *The wisdom, power, and goodness of God displayed in Creation and Providence.*

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their Source divine.
- 3 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear;
 And O! let man thy praise record;
 Man, thy distinguished care!
- 4 From Thee the breath of life we drew,
 That breath thy power maintains;
 Thy tender mercy, ever new,
 Our brittle frame sustains.
- 5 Yet nobler favours claim our praise,
 Of reason's light possess'd;
 By revelation's brightest rays,
 Still more divinely bless'd.

STEKLE.

39 *The wisdom of God in Providence.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
 Are framed upon thy throne above,
 And every dark and bending line
 Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view;
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
 Are led or driven only where
 They best and safest may abide.

- 4 They neither know nor trace the way ;
 But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
 To lay her reason at thy throne ;
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust Thee for my guide alone. SERLE.

40 *Praise for the blessings of Providence.* C.M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
 Kind guardian of my days,
 Thy mercies let my heart record
 In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
 Was thy indulgent care,
 Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
 Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
 From thy exhaustless store ;
 But ah ! in vain my lab'ring thought
 Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
 Thy bounteous hand would trace ;
 Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
 The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord !
 For favours more divine ;
 That I have known thy sacred word,
 Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
 And every weakness dies,
 Complete the wonders of thy grace,
 And raise me to the skies.

- 7 Then shall my joyful powers unite
 In more exalted lays,
 And join the happy sons of light
 In everlasting praise.

STEELE.

41 *Providence kind and bountiful.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HY kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
 While earthly thrones decay ;
 And time submits to thy commands,
 While ages roll away.
- 2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
 Its unexhausted store ;
 And universal nature lives
 On thy sustaining power.
- 3 Holy and just in all its ways
 Is Providence divine ;
 In all its works, immortal rays
 Of power and mercy shine.
- 4 The praise of God, delightful theme !
 Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
 Let all creation bless his name,
 In one eternal song.

42 *The goodness of God in the vicissitudes of life.*
 L. M.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the various shifting scene
 Of life's mistaken ill or good ;
 Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
 The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To each his necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

- 3 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
 Filled with affliction's bitter cup,
 Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
 Thy powerful hand can raise us up.
- 4 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
 On thy eternal will depend ;
 And all for greater good were given,
 And all shall in thy glory end. COLLETT.

43

Afflictive providences.

C. M.

- 1 **O**FTEN the clouds of deepest woe
 So sweet a message bear,
 Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find
 A frown of anger there.
- 2 It needs our hearts be weaned from earth ;
 It needs that we be driven,
 By loss of every earthly stay,
 To seek our joys in heaven.
- 3 And what is sorrow, what is pain,
 To that eternal care,
 That breaks the conscious heart for sin,
 When sin is hated there ?
- 4 Kind, loving, is the hand that strikes,
 However keen the smart,
 If sorrow's discipline can chase
 One evil from the heart.
- 5 He was a man of sorrows—He
 Who loved and saved us thus ;
 And shall the world that frowned on him,
 Wear only smiles for us ?
- 6 No ! we must follow in the path
 Our Lord and Saviour ran ;
 We must not find a resting place
 Where He we love had none.

FRY.

44

The Traveller's hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 [When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.]
- 5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

ADDISON.

45

God our Shepherd.

L. M

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant:
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray;
Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

ADDISON.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

- 4 O spread thy covering wings around !
 'Till all our wanderings cease ;
 And at our Father's lov'd abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
 Thy mercy we implore ;
 Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

LOGAN.

47 *Divine omnipresence a source of confidence.*
 C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER and Friend ! thy light, thy love,
 Beaming through all thy works we see ;
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear—thy presence feel,
 Whilst Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 Involved in clouds—invisible,
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
 But this we know, that where Thou art,
 Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.
- 4 And through the various maze of time,
 And through the infinity of space,
 We follow thy career sublime,
 And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.
- 5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
 Sustained by this delightful thought,
 Since Thou their God art every where,
 They cannot be where Thou art not.

48

The mysteries of Providence.

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

49

Mysteries to be explained hereafter.

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God of Providence, thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

- 2 The various methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye ;
The nearer we attempt to approach,
The farther off they fly. .
- 3 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou shalt ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveiled,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day. BEDDOME.

50

Darkness of Providence.

C. M.

- T**HY way, O God ! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace ;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround ;
Mysterious deeps of Providence
My wondering thoughts confound.
 - 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy,
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason why ?
 - 4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love ;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above !
 - 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;
I bless Thee for the sight ;
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?

- 6 With rapture I shall then survey
 Thy providence and grace;
 And spend an everlasting day
 In wonder, love, and praise.

PAWCETT.

III. FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

51

Sin confessed.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! we are sinners in thy sight,
 Transgressors of thy laws;
 Nor dare we to our innocence
 Presume to trust our cause.
- 2 Thy curses thunder o'er our heads,
 And sound their dire alarms:
 And where's the worm prepared to meet
 Omnipotence in arms?
- 3 Stretch forth thine hand, almighty Love,
 Repeat thy deeds of fame,
 And snatch the brands, to ruin doomed,
 From hell's devouring flame.
- 4 Then shall we in our grateful songs
 Employ our future days,
 And, through a bless'd eternity,
 Immortal anthems raise.

GIBBONS.

52

An evil heart lamented.

S. M.

- 1 **A**STONISHED and distressed,
 I turn my eyes within;
 My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
 The seat of every sin.

- 2 Almighty King of grace!
 My tyrant lusts subdue;
 Expel the darkness from my mind,
 And all my powers renew.
- 3 This done, my cheerful voice
 Shall loud hosannas raise;
 My soul shall glow with gratitude:
 My lips proclaim thy praise.
-

53 *Beholding transgressors with grief.* I. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
 To torrents melt my streaming eyes;
 And thou, my heart, with anguish-fee!
 Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
 See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
 The Father wounded through the Son;
 The world abused; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
 Closing in everlasting night;
 In flames that no abatement know,
 Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God! I feel the mournful scene;
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
 And fain my pity would reclaim,
 And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
 And can but weep where most it loves;
 Thy own all-saving arm employ.
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE

54 *Bearing the image of the earthly and the heavenly Adam.* C. M.

- 1 **A**DAM, in God's own image formed,
From God and bliss estranged;
How soon the joys of Paradise
For guilt and horror changed!
- 2 O fatal heritage, bequeathed
To all his helpless race!
Through the thick maze of sin and woe,
Thus to the grave we pass.
- 3 But, O my soul with rapture hear,
The second Adam's name:
And the celestial gifts he brings,
To all his seed proclaim.
- 4 In holiness and joy complete,
He reigns to endless years;
And each adopted chosen child
His splendid image wears.
- 5 What though in mortal life they mourn,
What though by death they fall?
Jesus in one triumphant day
Transforms and crowns them all.
- 6 Praise to his rich, mysterious grace!
E'en by our fall we rise;
And gain for earthly Eden lost,
A heavenly Paradise.

DODDRIDGE.

55 *Backsliding Israel invited to return to God.* C. M.

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING Israel, hear the voice
Of thy forgiving God;
Nor force such goodness to exert
The terrors of the rod.

- 2 Thus saith the Lord, "My mercy flows
 An unexhausted stream;
 And, after all its millions saved,
 Its sway is still supreme.
- 3 Own but the follies thou hast done,
 And mourn thy sins in dust,
 And soon thy trembling heart shall learn
 To hope, and love, and trust."
- 4 All-gracious God, thy voice we own;
 And, prostrate at thy feet,
 Our souls in humble silence wait,
 A pardon there to meet.

DODDRIDGE.

IV. REDEMPTION BY CHRIST.—BLESSINGS OF THE
 GOSPEL.—CHARACTERS OF CHRIST.

56

Creation and redemption.

L. M.

- 1 CREATION'S works in all their forms,
 From rolling stars to creeping worms,
 In never-ceasing concord join
 To sing thy name, thy power divine.
- 2 But when the dawn of heaven we view,
 In ruined sinners formed anew,
 When, in the gospel's brighter skies,
 We see the Sun of glory rise;
- 3 No more we ask the stars to tell
 What Jesus only could reveal;
 In him at once our eyes behold
 More than creation ever told.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born king;"
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies
 With the angelic hosts proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored.
 Christ, the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.
- 4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail the incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as man with men t' appear
 Jesus, our Emmanuel, here.
- 5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 6 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.
- 7 Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home;
 Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head.
- 8 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place.
 Second Adam, from above,
 Reinstall us in thy love.

58 *Birth of Christ announced by the angels. 8.7.*

- 1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chaunt in hymns of joy;
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven:—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

CAWOOD.

59 *The birth of the Saviour announced. L. M.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds, thro' the night,
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light—

- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky,
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.
- 4 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung :
- 5 "O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 6 See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn—
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 7 He comes! to cheer the trembling heart—
Bid Satan and his hosts depart :
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!
- 8 O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign."

CAMPBELL.

60

Praise for Christ's incarnation. C. M.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down thro' the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.
- 5 [Wrapt in the silence of the night
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heavenly light
The wondrous scene unfurled.]
- 6 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.
- 7 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise ;
Sweetly to bear our souls above.
And mingle with their lays !
- 8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
" Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete —
Jesus was born to die."
- 9 Hail, Prince of Life ! for ever hail
Redeemer, brother, friend !
'Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
'Thy praise shall never end.

MEDLEY.

61 *Good tidings of great joy to all people. 3.7.—4.7.*

1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
 Ye, who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field, abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,
 God with man is now residing,
 Yonder shines the infant light ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
 Brighter visions beam afar ;
 Seek the great Desire of nations ;
 Ye have seen his natal star ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear
 Suddenly the Lord descending
 In his temple shall appear ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
 Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
 Justice now revokes the sentence,
 Mercy calls you,—break your chains ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

MONTGOMERY.

62 *Christ, the root and offspring of David, and
the morning star.* C. M.

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence didst
To give the nations fruit. [spring,
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips salvation taste;
Our fainting hearts are glad.
- 3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light. DODDRIDGE.

63 *Jesus a man of sorrows.* C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the Son of God appears
To save from sin and woe;
He leaves his radiant throne on high,
To dwell with men below.
- 2 Clothing himself with mortal flesh,
He flees to our relief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.
- 3 From Bethle'm's inn to Calvary's cross
Affliction marked his road;
And many a weary step he took
To bring us back to God.
- 4 How keen the anguish and the smart
That pained his holy mind,
When all the powers of earth and hell
Against him were combined!

- 5 But heavier far the weighty load,
 (When sorrow filled his breast)
 That in the garden's gloomy scene
 His mourning soul oppress.
- 6 And darker far the awful hour
 When on the cross he cried,
 " 'Tis finished," the full ransom 's paid :
 Then bowed his head and died.
- 7 And did my Saviour thus expire,
 Nailed to the accursed tree ?
 To him I give my soul away,
 Who lived and died for me.

64

Dying Saviour.

L. M.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
 See, how the sacred crimson tide
 Flows from his hands, his feet, his side.
- 2 But life attends the deathful sound,
 And flows from every bleeding wound ;
 The vital stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 Lord ! didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed ?—
 And could the sun behold the deed ?
 No ! he withdrew his sickening ray,
 And darkness veiled the mourning day.
- 4 Can I survey this scene of woe
 Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
 And yet my heart unmoved remain,
 Insensible to love or pain.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;
 'Till all its powers and passions move
 In melting grief and ardent love. . STEELE.

65

The sympathy of Christ.

7a.

- 1 **W**HEN the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in his bosom reigned ;
Sympathy he loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdained.
- 2 Round him throng'd the blind, the lame,
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed ;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely bless'd.
- 3 He could make the leper whole ;
Thousands at a meal he fed ;
Winds and waves could he control ;
By a word he raised the dead.
- 4 Listening sinners round him press'd,
Whilst he taught the way to bliss ;
Even enemies confess'd,
"No man ever spake like this."
- 5 Children once to him were brought,
His benignant power to prove ;
Some disciples harshly thought
Their intrusion to reprove.
- 6 "Suffer them to come to me,
Hinder not their free access ;
Children shall my kingdom see—
Children I delight to bless."
- 7 So he spake—and in his arms
Clasped the little helpless things ;
As the hen her chickens warms
Underneath her downy wings.
- 8 Be thy love to me revealed ;
Be thy grace by me possess'd ;
Touch me, and I shall be healed,
Bless me, and I shall be bless'd.

RYLAND.

66

Christ's death and resurrection. L. M.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men !
 But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
 Up to his Father's court he flies !
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster, death, in chains.
- 6 Say, " Live for ever wondrous king !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting ?"
 And " Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"

WATTS'S LYRICS.

67

Christ crucified.

8.7.—8.7.

- 1 **O**N the wings of faith uprising,
 Jesus crucified I see ;
 While his love, my soul surprising,
 Cries, " I suffered all for thee !"

- 2 Then, beneath the cross adoring,
Sin doth like itself appear;
When the wounds of Christ exploring,
I can read my pardon there.
- 3 Who can think, without admiring?
Who can hear, and nothing feel?
See the Lord of life expiring,
Yet retain a heart of steel?
- 4 Angels here may gaze and wonder,
What the God of love could mean,
When that heart was torn asunder,
Never once defiled with sin!

68

A view of Christ crucified.

87.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven:—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go;
 Prove his blood each day more healing,
 And Himself more fully know. BATTY.

69

Christ's resurrection. 7's,

- 1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
 Sons of men, and angels, say:
 Raise your joys and triumphs high
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;—
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell
 Death in vain forbids' his rise;
 Christ hath opened paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King!
 "Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save;
 "Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted head;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies
- 6 What though once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall;
 Second life we now receive,
 In our heavenly Adam live.
- 7 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
 Praise to thee by both be given!
 Thee we greet triumphant now,
 Hail! the Resurrection,—Thou.

70

The resurrection of Christ.

P. M.

1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead ;
 And o'er our hellish foes
 High raised his conquering head ;
 In wild dismay
 The guards around
 Fell to the ground,
 And sunk away.

2 **L**o, the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet.
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To such a tomb.

3 **T**hen back to heaven they fly,
 And the glad tidings bear ;
 Hark ! as they soar on high,
 What music fills the air !
 Their anthems say,
 " Jesus, who bled,
 Hath left the dead ;
 He rose to-day."

4 **Y**e mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeemed by him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell :
 Transported cry,
 " Jesus who bled,
 Hath left the dead ;
 No more to die."

- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood!
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God.
 With thee we rise,
 With thee we reign,
 And empires gain
 Beyond the skies.

DODDRIDGE.

71 *The angel's reply to the women that
 sought Christ.* C. M.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away;
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
 Such wonders love can do;
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief,
 Let grateful sorrows rise,
 And wash the bloody stains away
 With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The Conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er the angelic band he rears
 His once dishonoured head;
 And through unnumbered years he reigns
 Who dwelt among the dead.

- 6 With joy like his shall every saint
 His empty tomb survey ;
 Then rise with his ascending Lord
 Through all his shining way.

DODDRIDGE.

72 *The triumph of the risen Saviour.* 7's.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away,
 Death, resign thy mighty prey :
 See the Saviour quit the tomb
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
 Hallelujah.
- 2 Shout, ye seraphs, Gabriel raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise ;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
 Hallelujah.
- 3 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise ;
 Troops of angels on the road
 Hail and sing the incarnate God.
 Hallelujah.
- 4 Heaven unfolds its portals wide !
 Gracious hero ! through them ride ;
 King of Glory ! mount thy throne,
 Boundless empire is thine own.
 Hallelujah.
- 5 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres,
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song ;
 Let the strains be sweet and strong !
 Hallelujah.

- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell !
 Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
 Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

Hallelujah.
 GIBBONS.

73

Christ's ascension.

L. M.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The powers of hell are captive led,—
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits ;
 And angels chant the solemn lay :—
 “ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 “ Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 He claims those mansions as his right ;—
 Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ? ”
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame ;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay :—
 “ Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
 “ Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 6 “ Who is the King of Glory, who ? ”—
 The Lord of boundless power possess ;
 The King of saints, and angels too !
 God over all, for ever blest !

74 *Exaltation and sympathy of Christ.* C.M

- 1 **J**ESUS, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended like a pitying God
To save the souls he loved.
- 2 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.
- 3 And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke beneath his powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.
- 4 Exalted high at God's right hand,
The Lord of all below;
Through him is pardoning love dispensed
And boundless blessings flow.
- 5 And still for erring guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touched,
With memory of our woes.
- 6 To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared like Thee to die,
With Thee that I may live.

BARBAULD.

75 *Humiliation and exaltation of Christ.* L.M.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
The brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love designed,
Employs and fills my labouring mind!

- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue;
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love!
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay!
- 4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:
The Prince of Life resigns his breath—
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see, the wonders of his power!
He triumphs in his dying hour!
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dashed the rising hopes of hell!
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood;
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 7 Who shall fulfil this boundless song;
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue!
Feeble and vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's angel-harp despairs!

WATTS.

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

- 2 "It is finish'd"—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finish'd!"—
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finish'd!"—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food:
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood:
"It is finish'd!"
Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

J. EVANS.

77

Wonders of redemption.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
Angels and men with joy confess,
The work is all divine.
- 2 Myriads of spirits round the throne,
Behold with wondering eyes,
God's holy undefiled One
Once made a sacrifice.

- 3 In rapturous strains they celebrate
The mysteries of his love;
Redemption does new joys create
Amongst the hosts above.
- 4 Beneath his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave;
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.
- 5 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore;
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.
- 6 Oh! let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too.

BEDDOME.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

- 5 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 6 Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each tuneful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

79

Salvation by grace. S. M.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the works shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

80

The mission of Christ. C. M.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour
comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 His silver trumpets publish loud
The jubilee of the Lord ;
Our debts are all remitted now,
Our heritage restored.
- 7 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

DODDIDGE.

- 1 **S**WEET were the sounds that reached our
ears
When mercy raised her heavenly voice ;
'Twas mercy that dispelled our fears,
And bade our souls in hope rejoice.

- 2 All other sounds discordant seem,
 Compared with mercy's heavenly song ;
 So sweet and joyful is the theme,
 It bears our willing souls along.
- 3 O may we never cease to hear
 The voice that gives our conscience rest ;
 That dissipates our guilty fear,
 And tells us we are truly blest.
- 4 May mercy still remove our fear,
 And bind our souls with cords of love !
 Mercy that soothes our sorrows here,
 And gives us hope of joys above.

82

The three mountains.

7s

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
 God descend in Majesty,
 To proclaim his holy law,
 All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
 Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
 At the too-transporting light,
 Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
 God, in flesh made manifest,
 Shines in my Redeemer's face,
 Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
 Weep and gaze my soul away ;
 Thou art heaven on earth to me,
 Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

MONTGOMERY

83

I will sing of mercy.

L. M.

- 1 **I** HEAR a sound that comes from far :
It fills my soul with joy and love :
Not seraph's voices sweeter are,
That echo through the courts above.
- 2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,
From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
It soothes my soul and calms my fear :
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 3 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice ;
And rather choose with fools to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?
- 4 With such I own, I once appeared,
But now I know how great their loss ;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
Than mercy utters from the cross.

KELLY.

84 *Praise to the loving-kindness of the Saviour.*

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, O how strong !

- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail.
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

MEDLEY.

85

Christ precious to the believer. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love thy charming name;
Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last labouring breath;
 Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
 The antidote of death. DODDRIDGE.

86

Praise to the Redeemer.

8a.

- 1 **M**Y gracious Redeemer I love!
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name;
 To gaze on his glories divine
 Shall be my eternal employ;
 To feel them incessantly shine
 My boundless ineffable joy.
- 2 He freely redeemed, with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell;
 [To shine with the angels of light;
 With saints and with seraphs to sing;
 To view with eternal delight;
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away:]
 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine
 My joy everlastingly flows;
 My God, my Redeemer is mine.

FRANCIS.

87

Christ supremely adored. C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,
How is my soul with transport lost
In wonder, joy, and love!
- 2 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with thee?
- 3 Hast thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.
- 4 No, thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let thy boundless grace,
My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 5 [When nature faints,—around my bed
Let thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.]

BEGIN BOTHOM.

88

Rejoicing in Jesus. C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Saviour and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread, through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace. .
- 4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoners free :
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

OLIVER.

89

Beauties of the Saviour. C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou fairest, dearest One,
What beauties thee adorn !
Far brighter than the noon-day sun,
Or star that gilds the morn.
- 2 The joy of all the saints above,
And hope of all below ;
Oh may I taste thy richest love,
And thine endearments know !
- 3 Here let me fix my wondering eyes,
And all thy glories trace ;
'Till, in the world of endless joys,
I rise to thine embrace.

BEDDOME.

90

A glimpse of Jesus precious. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me see thy blissful face,
While sojourning below ;
'Tis from thyself my joys arise,
And all my comforts flow.
- 2 A glimpse, a single glimpse of thee,
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

91

Christ supremely exalted.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,
Thy wondrous love reveal;
Let angels spread thy name abroad,
And men thy glories tell.
- 2 Let them, with elevated voice,
Harmonious anthems raise;
Be thou the spring of all their joys,
The life of all their praise.
- 3 Be thou exalted in the heavens,
And o'er this earthly ball;
Let creatures into nothing sink,
And Christ be all in all.

BEDDOME.

92

The star of Bethlehem.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my found'ring bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the star of Bethlehem!

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

KIRKE WHITE.

93

The grace of Christ.

C. M.

1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charmed with the honour to obey
The word of such a King;

3 For us mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

DODDRIDGE.

94

The immutability of Christ.

L. M.

1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
The immortal honours of thy name;
Assembled round our Saviour's throne,
We make his ceaseless glories known.

- 2 High on his Father's royal seat
Our Jesus shone divinely great,
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.
- 3 Through all succeeding ages, he
The same hath been, the same shall be ;
Immortal radiance gilds his head,
While stars and suns wax old and fade.
- 4 The same his power his flock to guard ;
The same his bounty to reward ;
The same his faithfulness and love
To saints on earth, and saints above.
- 5 Let nature change, and sink, and die,
Jesus shall raise his chosen high,
And fix them near his starry throne,
In glories changeless as his own.

DODDRIDGE.

95 *God magnified by those that love his salvation.*
L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving power ;
And to our utmost stretch of thought
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain :
And, while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride ;
Let God alone be magnified :
His glory let the heavens resound,
Shouted from earth's remotest bound.

- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine !
 No thought of angels ever knew,
 Compassion so divine !
- 3 Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,
 And boundless realms of day,
 (Aside thy robes of glory thrown),
 To dwell in feeble clay ?
- 4 Victorious love ! can language tell
 The wonders of thy power,
 Which conquer'd all the foes of hell,
 In that tremendous hour ?
- 5 Is there a heart that will not bend
 To thy divine control ?
 Descend, O sovereign Love, descend,
 And melt that stubborn soul.
- 6 O may our willing hearts confess
 Thy sweet, thy gentle sway ;
 Glad captives of resistless grace,
 Thy pleasing rule obey.
- 7 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
 Till rebels rise no more ;
 Thy praise all nature then shall join,
 And heaven and earth adore.

STERLE.

- 1 **A**S blows the wind, and in its flight,
 Escapes the glance of keenest sight ;
 So are the wonder-working ways
 Of God's regenerating grace.

- 2 As nothing can its power withstand,
But Him who holds it in his hand,
So are the soul's corruptions slain
When once that soul is born again.
- 3 As o'er our frames we feel the gale
Gently or mightily prevail,
So some are softly drawn to heaven,
And others as by tempests driven.
- 4 And as the herbs, the flowers, the trees
Are seen to bend beneath the breeze,
So visible the change we view,
When grace doth thus the heart renew
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, and impart
Thy secret virtue to each heart ;
And let this be the happy hour,
To show thy mighty quickening power.

COBBIN.

100

Pardon.

L. M.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS ! 'tis a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doomed to die :
Publish the bliss the world around ;—
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky !
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine :
'Tis full, out-measuring every crime :
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins, unbounded as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand ;—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we show ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow

- 5 "Cheered by the hope of pardoning grace
We come thy mercy, Lord, to prove ;
Like weeping Mary, let us taste
A pledge of thy forgiving love."
- 6 By this inspired, let all our days
With various holiness be crowned ;
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

GIBBONS.

101

Excellency of the Gospel.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine !
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.
- 2 Down from his starry throne on high
The Almighty Saviour comes ;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt that sinners owed
Upon the cross he pays :
Then through the clouds ascends to God
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There He, our great High Priest, appears
Before his Father's throne ;
Presents the contrite sinner's tears,
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God ! with reverence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace :
And on thy faithfulness and power
Our firm dependance place.

STANFORD.

102 *Salvation brought nigh to sinners.* L. M.

- 1 **A**ND is salvation brought so near
Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky.
- 2 I ask not who to heaven shall scale,
That Christ the Saviour thence may come;
Or who earth's inmost depths assail,
To bring him from the dreary tomb.
- 3 From heaven on wings of love he flew,
And Conqueror from the tomb he sprung;
My heart believes the witness true,
And dictates to my faithful tongue.
- 4 I sing salvation brought so near;
No more on earth expiring lie;
I teach the world my joys to hear,
And shout them to the echoing sky.

DODDRIDGE.

103 *Grace no encouragement to sin.* C. M.

- 1 **G**RACE! how melodious is the sound!
What music to our ear!
Spread the sweet accent far around,
That heaven and earth may hear.
- 2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reigned,
Grace reigns, abounding more:
Behold an ocean here, without
A bottom or a shore!
- 3 From the high heaven's eternal throne
It overflowed our earth,
When Christ, the first-born Son, came down,
And angels hailed his birth.

- 4 Grace was the theme, the glad'ning theme,
Of their astonished strains;
Grace, free, abounding grace, to man,
Through all their anthems reigns.
- 5 And shall we still persist in sin,
That grace may yet abound?
Forbid it, Lord, nor let the thought
Within our hearts be found.

BOYCE.

104 *The dying love of Christ constraining to
thankful devotion.* L. M.

- 1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful vow;
Thou art our sovereign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour king,
The condescensions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love! that stooped so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe:
Amazing love!—did Jesus die?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
Oh! let his praise each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run!

- 6 He died!—ye seraphs, tune your songs!
 Resound, resound, the Saviour's name!
 For nought below immortal tongues
 Can ever reach the wondrous theme.

STERLE.

105 *Whosoever will, let him come.* C. M.

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then with all your wants and wounds,
 Your every burden bring;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring!
- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace:
 Come then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

MEDLEY

106 *Salvation from God alone.* C. M.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O melodious sound
 To wretched, dying men!
 Salvation, that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again!
- 2 And may a weak, degenerate soul,
 Sinful and dark as mine,
 Presume to raise a trembling eye
 To blessings so divine?

107, 108 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears ;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise :
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.
- 5 My Saviour God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all the angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

DODDRIDGE.

107

The tenderness of Christ.

S. M.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see !
Be thou astonished, O my soul !
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

SEDDOME.

108

Assured hope of acceptance in the day of judgment.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 When, from the dast of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath lived and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
While, thro' thy blood, absolved I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years :
No age can change its glorious hue ;
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice !
Bid, Lord, thy banished ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

CENNICK.

109

The sovereignty of grace.

L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE the almighty power began
To form the wondrous frame of man ;
Before he hung the lights on high,
And made them sparkle o'er the sky ;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or shaped the yet unfounded earth,
God all his ransomed people knew,
And in his love he chose them too.
- 2 Chose them in Christ, that they should prove
The trophies of his dying love ;
Chose them through faith, that precious grace,
Which bears the fruits of righteousness ;
Chose them that they on earth should shine
The image of his face divine ;
Chose them like jewels from the world,
When it should be to ruin hurled.

- 3 But oh ! no tongue can ever tell
 The grace that is unsearchable ;
 Angels that fell were passed by,
 When Christ for mortals came to die :
 The poor shall wear th' immortal crown,
 That decks few brows of high renown ;
 And vilest sinners be forgiven,
 To raise the loudest songs in heaven.

COBBIN.

- 1 **W**HERE is my God ? does he retire
 Beyond the reach of humble sighs ?
 Are these weak breathings of desire
 'Too languid to ascend the skies ?
- 2 No Lord ! the breathings of desire
 The weak petition, if sincere,
 Is not forbidden to aspire,
 But reaches thy all-gracious ear.
- 3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
 See where the great Redeemer stands,
 The glorious Advocate on high,
 With precious incense in his hands !
- 4 He sweetens every humble groan,
 He recommends each broken prayer ;
 Recline thy hope on him alone,
 Whose power and love forbid despair.
- 5 Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord !
 With stronger faith to call thee mine ;
 Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
 My Father, God, with joy divine.

STEELE.

111

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **H**E lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
And now, before his father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And Justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

STEELE.

112

All in all.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The sense of thy expiring love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for Thee alone,
My All in All I pray.

- 3 Less than thyself will not suffice,
 My comfort to restore ;
 More than thyself I cannot crave,
 Nor canst thou give me more.
- 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again,
 With love intense I'd burn ;
 Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
 I choose Thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy will,
 O teach me to resign ;
 I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
 Since thou, O God, art mine.

TOPLADY.

113

Ancient of days.

8.7.4.

- 1 **M**IGHTY God ! while angels bless thee,
 May an infant lisp thy name ?
 Lord of men as well as angels,
 Thou art every creature's theme :
 Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Lord of every land and nation,
 Ancient of eternal days !
 Sounded through the wide creation
 Be thy just and lawful praise. Hall.
- 3 For the grandeur of thy nature,—
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought ;
 For created works of power,—
 Works with skill and kindness wrought.
 Hall.
- 4 For thy providence, that governs
 Through thine empire's wide domain ;
 Wings an angel, guides a sparrow :
 Blessed be thy gentle reign. Hall.

- 5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along :
Thought is poor, and poor expression :
Who dare sing that awful song? Hall
- 6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie ?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence !
Sing the Lord who came to die. Hall.
- 7 Did archangels sing thy coming ?
Did the shepherds learn their lays ?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. Hall.
- 8 From the highest throne in glory.
To the cross of deepest woe ;
All to ransom guilty captives :—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow. Hall.
- 9 Go, return, immortal Saviour !
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne :
Thence return, and reign for ever,—
Be the kingdom all thy own. Hall.

ROBINSON.

114

Brother.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, who passed the angels by,
Assumed our flesh, to bleed and die ;
And still he makes it his abode :
As man he fills the throne of God.
- 2 Our nearest friend, our Brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow ;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.
- 3 But ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcerned should prove.

115, 116 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 4 O glorious hour, it comes with speed !
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

115 *Titles and kingdom of the Messiah. C. M.*

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd,
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun !
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His power increasing, still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

116

Consolation of Israel.

8.7.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus !
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee :

Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,—
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born, thy people to deliver;
 Born a child and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

117

Desire of all nations.

C. M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
 Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
 Thy uncreated beauties shine
 With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
 Come bending at thy feet;
 To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
 In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
 Delights the church around;
 Sweetly the sacred odours spread
 Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
 On thy exhaustless store;
 From thee they all their bliss receive,
 And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
 They find their all in thee;
 Thy glories will their tongues employ
 Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

118 *The Day-spring from on high.* S. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail ! redeeming Lord,
Sweet day-spring from on high ;
All hail ! thou Sun of righteousness,
With all thy vital joy.
- 2 In deepest shades of death,
The borders of despair,
We lie oppressed with heavy gloom,
And constant fetters wear.
- 3 Shine, lovely star of day,
Around and in us shine,
And our benighted souls shall own
Thy light and love divine.
- 4 Our wandering footsteps guide,
Through all this desert place ;
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path
Of purity and peace.
- 5 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,
Cheered with thy vital ray,
And open to our longing eyes
The road to perfect day.

BOYCE.

119 *Christ the Door.* C. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
Whose mercies never fail ;
Who opens wide a door of hope
In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide displayed,
The buildings strong and fair ;
Within are pastures fresh and green,
And living streams are there.

- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
 For Jesus is the door;
 Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
 Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
 And Jews and Gentiles come,
 All travelling in one narrow path
 To one eternal home. DODDRIDGE.

120

Christ our Example.

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! where, in the friend of man
 Appears each grace divine;
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found;
 He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And healed each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
 Patient and meek he stood;
 His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,—
 He laboured for their good.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,
 Before his Father's throne,
 With soul resigned he bowed and said,
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!
 His image may we bear!
 O may we tread his sacred steps,
 And his bright glories share! KNIGHT

121

Christ our Example.

L. M.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love?
 Such let our conversation be;
 The serpent blended with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes, —
 Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 Oh, how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
 Was his employment and delight,
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 But ah! how blind! how weak we are!
 How frail! how apt to turn aside!
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 And ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,
 'To teach us what we ought to be!
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 Dear Saviour, daily more like Thee!

STEELE.

122

*Christ our forerunner, and the foundation of
 our hope.*

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Lord, our souls adore,
 A painful sufferer now no more:
 High on his Father's throne he reigns,
 O'er earth and heaven's extensive plains.

- 2 His race for ever is complete ;
For ever undisturbed his seat ;
Myriads of angels round him fly,
And sing his well gained victory.
- 3 Yet, 'midst the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himself alone ;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.
- 4 Rise, rise my soul, thy raptured sight,
With sacred wonder and delight ;
Jesus thy own forerunner see
Entered beyond the veil for thee.
- 5 Loud let the howling tempest yell,
And foaming waves to mountains swell ,
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,
Since hope hath fixed its anchor here.

DODDRIDGE.

123

Fountain.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save;
 When this poor lispings, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

- 1 **O**NE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend:
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,
 Could, or would have shed their blood!
 But the Saviour died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed!
 Jesus is a friend in need.

- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same;
 Still he calls them brethren, friends;
 And to all their wants attends.

- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We shall love thee as we ought.

NEWTON.

125

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget Him not.
- 2 Jesus for thee a body takes,
Thy guilt assumes, thy fetters breaks,
Discharging all thy dreadful debt:
And canst thou e'er such love forget?
- 3 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this most sure relief;
Nor Him forget who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.
- 4 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In Him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?
- 5 Ah! no—till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart,
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 6 Ah! no—when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

TRANSLATED FROM KRISHNU.

126

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **A** FRIEND there is—your voices join,
Ye saints, to praise his name!
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame

- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
 This Friend is always near;
 With heaven and earth at his command,
 He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
 No change can turn its course;
 Immutably the same it flows
 From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
 And clouds surround his throne,
 He hides the purpose of his grace,
 To make it better known.
- 5 And, if our dearest comforts fall
 Before his sovereign will,
 He never takes away our all:
 Himself he gives us still!
- 6 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
 And measures out our pains;
 The wildest storm his word obeys,
 His word its rage restrains. SWAIN.

127

Unchangeable Friend.

L. M.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
 I have a rich almighty friend;
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
 He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 From hell he ransomed me with blood;
 And, by his power, my foes controlled;
 He found me wandering far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
 And says that I shall shortly be
 Enthroned with him above the skies:
 Oh! what a friend is Christ to me! NEWTON.

128

Gift of God.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, my chief delight,
For thee I long, for thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,
That face which often I have seen?
Arise, thou Sun of righteousness,
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all his gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 4 Could I but say this gift is mine,
The world should lie beneath my feet;
Though poor, no more would I repine,
Or look with envy on the great.
- 5 The precious jewel I would keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never should from thence depart.

REDDOCK.

129

Christ the Head of the Church.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.
- 2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,
We act, and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive

- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
 Here join in sweet accord;
 One body all in mutual love,
 And thou our common Lord.
- 4 O may my faith each hour derive
 Thy Spirit with delight;
 While death and hell in vain shall strive
 This bond to disunite.
- 5 Thou the whole body wilt present
 Before thy Father's face;
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot,
 Its beauteous form disgrace. DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake!
 Retune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
 We sing the Saviour of our race,
 The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.
- 2 When God's right arm is bared for war,
 And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
 Where—where—oh where, shall man retire,
 T' escape the horror of his ire!
- 3 'Tis he—the Lamb—to him we fly,
 While the dread tempest passes by;
 God sees his Well-beloved's face;
 And spares us in our hiding-place.
- 4 Thus while we dwell in this low scene,
 The Lamb is our unfailing screen;
 To him, though guilty, still we run,
 And God still spares us for his Son.
- 5 While yet we sojourn here below,
 Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;
 Fallen, abject, mean—a sentenced race,
 We deeply need a hiding-place.

- 6 Yet, courage—days and years will glide,
 And we shall lay these clods aside;
 Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,
 And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.
 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,
 We through the Lamb shall be decreed;
 Shall meet the Father face to face,
 And need no more a hiding-place.

KIRKE WHITE.

131

High Priest.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High Priest our nature wears,
 The Patron of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
 And poured on earth his precious blood,
 Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
 The Saviour and the Friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends on earth a brother's eye;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains;
 And still remembers in the skies,
 His tears, and agonies, and cries.
- 5 In every pang that rends the heart
 The man of sorrows had a part;
 He sympathizes in our grief,
 And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And ask the aids of heavenly power
 To help us in the evil hour.

LOGAN.

132

Christ our High Priest.

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.
- 2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crowned
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

DODDRIDGE.

133

The name Jesus.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And languid are my lays;
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll give Thee nobler praise.
- 6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON.

134

Intercessor.

C. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing
The ascended Saviour's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
- 2 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim;
"Father, I will that all my saints
"Be with me where I am:
- 3 "By their salvation, recompense
"The sorrows I endured,
"Just to the merits of thy Son,
"And faithful to thy word."
- 4 Eternal life, at his request
To every saint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.
- 5 Let the much incense of thy prayer
In my behalf ascend;
And, as its virtue, so my praise
Shall never, never end.

TOPLADY

135

Christ the King of saints. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright these glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power and boundless grace,
In him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praise?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 6 Oh, happy period, glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers the raptured lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

STEELE.

136

Dominion of Christ. 8.7.—7.7.

- 1 **H**ARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he fills yon azure throne!
Jesus rules the world alone

- 2 King of Glory, reign for ever !
 Thine an everlasting crown :
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own.
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day !
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King !"

137 *Christ the light of the world.* C. M.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come ! and by thyself revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
- 2 The new heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise !
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring day upon our eyes !.
- 3 Still we wait for thy appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart.
- 4 Come, extend thy wonted favour
 To our ruined, guilty race ;
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour,
 Come, apply thy saving grace.
- 5 Save us, in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild, pacific Prince !
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins.

- 6 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Every burthen'd soul release ;
 By the teachings of thy Spirit
 Guide us into perfect peace.

TOPLADY.

138

Christ, Lord of all.

C. M

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL, the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small !
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

DUNCAN.

139

Lord our righteousness.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour! on Mount Calvary,
And near thy cross I stand,
The most delightful place to me
In all Judea's land.
- 2 In those pierc'd hands, and feet, and side,
And that distressed face,
With reverence let me always view
The Lord my Righteousness.
- 3 And were those pains endured for me?
Lord, help my feeble tongue
To spread the wonders of thy love
In a melodious song.

ANDERSON'S COL.

140

Melchisedec.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
We love to hear of thee;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak;
And in our priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.
- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransomed throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

CENNICK

141

Morning Star.

L. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, thou bright and morning star,
And send thy silvery beams from far;
Dispel the shades of dreary night,
And let me hail the dawning light.
- 2 Blinded by sin, I went astray,
And wandering left the heavenly way;
Dart forth thy soul-reviving rays,
And guide me all my future days.
- 3 With growing strength may I pursue,
The course which heavenly wisdom drew,
Till I shall reach the blissful shore,
Where pilgrims rest and stray no more.

BEDDOME.

142

The same

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
Oh tell, how mean your glories are;
How faint and few, compared with his!
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,
Jesus, the source of light and love;
His purest rays, diffused from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 'Midst gloomy darkness spread abroad,
This light directs the pilgrim's way;
Still, as he goes, he finds the road
That leads him safe to endless day.
- 4 When shall we reach the glorious height,
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view the lustre all divine?

BEDDOME.

143

Pearl of great price.

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu !
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense !
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,—
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus, in Thee, in Thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call Thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart
Of this dear gift possessed ;
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.
- 6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desire,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the praise that love inspires,
And bid me call Thee mine.

STEELE.

144

Physician of souls.

L. M.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
 With fatal strength in every part ;
 The dire contagion fills the veins,
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found ?
 And is no kind physician nigh
 To ease the pain and heal the wound,
 Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 There is a great physician near .
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live .
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear
 Such ease as nature cannot give !
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
 Life, health and bliss abundant flow ,
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe. STRELE.

145

Christ the best portion.

C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM pole to pole let others roam,
 And search in vain for bliss ;
 My soul is satisfied at home,
 The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
 Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Is pleased to claim me for his own,
 And give himself for me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
 His blood removes my fear ,
 And while he pleads for me above,
 His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
 His Spirit is my guide ;
 Thus daily is my strength renewed,
 And all my wants supplied.

- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,
 Disgrace for him, renown;
 Well may I glory in his cross,
 While he prepares my crown!

NEWTON.

146 *Christ exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour*
 L. M.

- 1 **E**XALTED Prince of life, we own
 The royal honours of thy throne:
 'Tis fixed by God's almighty hand,
 And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
 The sovereign triumphs of thy grace;
 Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
 And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
 Till all thine enemies obey:
 Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
 And conquer millions by its love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish and forgive!
 Thine Israel shall repent and live:
 And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
 Which works their life who wrought thy
 death.

DODDRIDGE.

147 *Christ a conqueror.* L. M.

- 1 **Y**ES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,
 Till all thy haughty foes submit;
 Till hell, and all her trembling train,
 Become the footstool of thy feet.
- 2 Then, rescued souls shall bless thy power,
 Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
 Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
 Shall conquer, with their conquering king.

- 3 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds, and precious name.

MORE.

148

Refuge for the tempted.

7's.

- 1 **J**ESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
All in All in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness!
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace in Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within;

Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

C. WESLEY.

149

Rock of ages

7s.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages ! cleft for me !
 Let me hide myself in thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure ;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power
- 2 Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands :
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow ;
 All for sin could not atone ;
 Thou must save, and thou alone
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to Thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
 Black ! I to the fountain fly,
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eye-lids close in death ;
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See Thee on thy judgment throne ;—
 Rock of ages, shelter me !
 Let me hide myself in thee !

TOPLADY.

150

Saviour

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour! O what endless charms
 Dwell in the blissful sound!
 Its influence every fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
 In rich effusion flow;
 For guilty rebels lost in sin,
 And doomed to endless woe.
- 3 O the rich depths of love divine,
 Of bliss a boundless store!
 Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
 I cannot wish for more!
- 4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
 Beneath thy cross I fall;
 My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
 My Saviour and my All!

STEELE.

151

A Shepherd.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU Keeper of a lovely flock,
 Thyself far lovelier still,
 Beneath the overshadowing rock
 Thy sheep are safe from ill.
- 2 There Thou at noon dost make them rest,
 Screen'd from the burning sky;
 Nor dares the wolf, with hunger prest,
 Approach when thou art nigh.
- 3 Once for his flock the Shepherd died,
 But now he lives again:
 For all their wants will he provide,
 And ease their every pain.

- 4 I, like a sheep, had gone astray ;
 But me that Shepherd sought,
 Till I, in his appointed way,
 Into the fold was brought.
- 5 O may I always hear thy voice,
 Nor ever wander more ;
 But in thy constant care rejoice,
 Thy dying love adore.

BYLAND.

152

Shepherd.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my Shepherd and my Lord,
 A grateful song I'll raise ;
 O let the meanest of thy flock
 Attempt to speak thy praise —
- 2 Vain the attempt ! what tongue can speak
 A subject so divine ?
 Do justice to so vast a theme,
 And praise a love like thine ?
- 3 Love, that could bring thy willing feet
 From the blest world on high !
 From thy great Father's dear embrace,
 To labour, bleed, and die !
- 4 My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
 To this amazing love ;
 Ten thousand, thousand comforts here,
 And nobler bliss above.
- 5 To Thee my trembling spirit flies,
 With sin and grief oppress :
 Thy gentle voice dispels my fears,
 And lulls my cares to rest.
- 6 Nay, should I walk through death's dark vale,
 With double horrors spread,
 Thy rod would guide my doubtful steps.
 And guard my drooping head.

- 7 Lead on, dear Shepherd! led by thee
 No evil I shall fear;
 Soon I shall reach thy fold above,
 And praise thee better there.

HEGIBOTHOM.

153

Sun of Righteousness.

7s.

- 1 **O** FOR one celestial ray
 From the shining seats of day!
 Sun of Righteousness, arise!
 Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.
- 2 Distant from thy blest abode,
 Far from glory, far from God,
 Now and then we breathe a sigh
 Upwards to our native sky.
- 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
 Love, and joy, and peace inspire!
 Make us feel thy grace within;
 Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 4 Give, O give us wings to rise
 In affection to the skies!
 Liberty and joy divine,
 Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

TOPLADY.

154

Teacher.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place.
- 2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke;
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke
 Unveiling an immortal day.

- 3** "Come, wanderers, to my father's home :
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes! sacred Teacher—we will come—
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!
- 4** Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

155

The Way to heaven.

L. M.

- 1** **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone;
My hopes I fix on Him alone!
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2** The way the holy prophets went—
The road that leads from banishment—
The king's high-way of holiness—
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3** Yes, I will go! and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt now receive me as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 4** Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say—Behold the way to God!

CENNICK.

156

The same.

L. M.

- 1** **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow—
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.
- 3 No other name will Heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart:
O let thy Spirit, gracious guide!
Direct our steps and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

STEELE.

V. HOLY SPIRIT—AND HIS INFLUENCES.

157

Invocation.

S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come!
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From the celestial hills,
Light, life, and joy dispense:
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.
- 3 Oh melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew

- 4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise ;
Cheerful to Thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

BEDDOME.

158 *Prayer for the Guidance of the Holy Spirit.*
L. M.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide !
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare ;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ—the living way ;
Nor let us from his pasture stray.
- 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

BROWN.

159 *The aid of the Holy Spirit implored.* C. M.

- 1 THY influence, mighty God ! is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, on earth, through air and sky
Thy energy is found.

- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord ! we need,
To form our hearts anew ;
Oh cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show !
- 3 Father of light ! thy aid impart
To guide our doubtful way :
Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.
- 5 Cheered by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death ;
And with the hopes of endless bliss,
To Thee resign our breath.
-

160 *The Spirit of joy, purity, and love.* 6.8s.

- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid
Come, visit every waiting mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete ;
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

- 3 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power doth heaven and earth command;
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Subject the senses to the soul.
- 4 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way:
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 5 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

DRYDEN.

161 *The love of God shed abroad in the heart by
the Spirit.* S. M.

- 1 **D**ESCEND, immortal Dove;
Spread thy kind wings abroad;
And, wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my soul to God.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, reveal
In charms of grace divine,
And be thyself the sacred seal,
That pearl of price is mine.
- 3 Behold my heart expands
To catch the heavenly fire.
It longs to feel the gentle hands,
And groans with strong desire.

162, 163 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 4 Thy love, my God, appears,
 And brings salvation down,
 My cordial through this vale of tears,
 In paradise my crown.

DODDRIDGE.

162 *Teachings of the Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
 Whose power and grace are unconfined,
 Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
 The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
 The glorious truths thy word reveals,
 Cause me to run the heavenly way,
 The book unfold, and loose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know,
 The mysteries of redeeming love,
 The emptiness of things below,
 And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
 Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
 To show the dangers of the way,
 And guide my feeble steps to God.

BEDDOME.

163 *The Holy Spirit grieved, yet entreated.*
 L. M.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done Thee such despite ;
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my guilty fears,
 And vexed and urged Thee to depart,
 For many, long, rebellious years ;

- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;
- 4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Up-raise me by thy gracious hand,
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

C. WEALEY.

164

Longing for Heaven.

L. M.

- 1 **A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet Spirit, come!
"Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way.
- 2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below;
"But I can only spread my sail;
"Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious
gale."

TOPLADY.

165

The Spirit's influences compared to living water.

L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, Source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
Midst scorching suns and burning sands
More needs the cool, refreshing rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May these blest waters near my side
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then, in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

DODDRIDGE.

166

Sovereignty of the Spirit.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze.
- 2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood;
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.
- 4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy;
None can thy mighty power controul,
Or shall thy work destroy.

BEDDOME.

167

God shining in the heart.

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above;
The unchanging Source of light and love.

- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When, in substantial darkness veiled;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread;
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 Shine, mighty God, with vigour shine,
On this benighted heart of mine;
And let thy glories stand revealed,
As in the Saviour's face beheld.
- 6 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

DODDRIDGE.

168 *Our bodies the temple of the Holy Ghost.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the offended God again,
Return and dwell with sinful men?
Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?
- 2 The joyful news transports my breast;
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of Glory in.

- 3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To Thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.
- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace;
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And God in Christ be all in all. STENNETT.

169

Renewing grace.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 3 'Tis thine the passions to recal,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.
- 4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine. STEELE.

170 *Divine drawings celebrated.* C. M.

MY God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.

- 2 Thou sawest us crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin :
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away ;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumbered years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords, we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet ;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

DODDRIDGE.

171 *Growing in grace by the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;
For all thine influence from above,
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And gave its heavenly glories birth,
To deck this wilderness of earth.

- 3 But why does that celestial flower
Open, and thrive, and shine, no more?
Where are its balmy odours fled?
And why reclines its beauteous head?
- 4 Too plain, alas! the languor shews
Th' unkindly soil in which it grows;
Where the black frost and beating storm
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 Unchanging Sun, thy beams display,
To drive the frost and storms away;
Make all thy potent virtues known
To cheer a plant so much thine own.
- 6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh gales of heaven on shrubs below;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A fragrance grateful to our God.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **L**ORD, who hast called, with sovereign
power,
The heart thy real throne,
Teach me to feel thee every hour,
Implanted in my own.
- 2 Unstained, like glory's vital ray,
In scenes by seraphs trod,
Make thou thy temple, every day,
More worthy of its God.

VI. DEATH, JUDGMENT, AND THE FUTURE
WORLD.173 *Death solemn and inevitable.* L. M.

- 1 **S**URE 'tis a serious thing to die ;
 To be, we know not *what*, nor *where* :
 That state, untried, we soon must try,
 And every knell proclaims, "Prepare."
- 2 Our friends on dying-beds are laid ;
 We weep o'er their expiring pains ;
 Witness death's image dire, pourtrayed ;—
 But O, the task to die remains !
- 3 I, too, must pass through death's dark vale,
 And walk, aloné, the cheerless gloom ;
 Where friendship's tenderest efforts fail
 To smoothe the path, its shades illumine.
- 4 Soon, and the last, relentless foe,
 Shall quench each power ; close every sense ;
 Strike on this frame the mortal blow,
 And drive my trembling spirit thence.
- 5 Lord, may thy presence round me shine,
 When feeble flesh and heart shall fail ;
 Break on my soul, with beams benign :
 While nature sinks, may grace prevail.
- 6 Then, when my weeping friends survey
 My pale remains—the conflict o'er—
 My soul shall mount its heavenly way,
 Smile back on death—nor fear him more.

G. TIMMS.

174 *Death approaching.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HE short-lived day declines in haste,
 The night of death approaches fast ;
 With rapid speed the moments run,
 In which the work of life is done.

- 2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
 So mortals hasten to the tomb ;
 As ships that skim along the sea,
 Or eagles darting on their prey.
- 3 As vanishes the fleeting shade,
 As flowers before the evening fade,
 Such is the life of feeble man ;
 His days are measured by a span.
- 4 Be this my one, my great concern,
 The way of life and peace to learn ;
 To know my dear Redeemer's love,
 And his renewing grace to prove. FAWCETT.

175

Death and Judgment.

C. M.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirmed the great decree,
 That Adam's race must die ;
 One general ruin sweeps them down,
 And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey
 Where you must quickly dwell ;
 Hark ! how the awful summons sounds
 In every funeral knell.
- 3 Once you must die ; and once for all,
 The solemn purport weigh ;
 For know that heaven or hell is hung
 On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veiled,
 Must wake the Judge to see ;
 And every word and every thought
 Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I, in the Judge, behold
 My Saviour and my Friend ;
 And, far beyond the reach of death,
 With all his saints ascend. DODDREDGE.

176 *The dying Christian to his soul.* P. M.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.—
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses—shuts my sight—
 Drowns my spirit—draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

POPE.

177 *Quietness under affliction.* C. M.

- 1 **P**EACE ! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand,
 That blasts our joys in death ;
 Changes the visage once so dear,
 And gathers back our breath.
- 2 'Tis He, the potentate supreme
 Of all the worlds above,
 Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
 Our souls a sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
 A thousand rich supplies.

- 4 Our covenant God and Father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the burating heart
With one reviving word.
- 5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall tumultuous passions rise,
If he correct us now?
- 6 Silent I own Jehevah's name;
I kiss thy scourging hand;
And yield my comforts, and my life,
To thy supreme command.

DODDRIDGE.

178

Death rendered harmless.

C. M.

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a name with terror fraught;
It rends the guilty heart,
When conscience wakes remorseful thought,
With agonizing smart.
- 2 Dear Saviour, thy victorious love
Can all his force controul,
Can bid the pangs of guilt remove,
And cheer the trembling soul
- 3 Victorious love! thy wondrous power
From sin and death can raise;
Can gild the dark departing hour,
And tune its groans to praise.
- 4 Then shall the joyful spirit soar
To life beyond the skies,
Where gloomy death can frown, no more,
And guilt and terror dies.

STEEL.

179

On the Death of a Friend.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are borne,
 Around their cold remains
 How all the tender passions mourn,
 And each fond heart complains!
- 2 But down to earth, alas! in vain
 We bend our weeping eyes!
 Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,
 And upwards learn to rise.
- 3 Hope, cheerful, smiles amid the gloom
 And beams a healing ray,
 And guides us from the darksome tomb,
 To realms of endless day.
- 4 Jesus, who left his blest abode,
 (Amazing grace!) to die,
 Marked, when he rose, the shining road
 To his bright courts on high.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more,
 That earthly comfort dies,
 But lasting happiness explore,
 And ask it from the skies.

STEELE.

180

Hope amidst mortality.

8.8.6

- 1 **I**F death my friend and me divide,
 Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
 Or frown, my tears to see:
 Restrained from passionate excess,
 Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress
 For them that rest in thee.
- 2 I feel a strong immortal hope,
 Which bears my mournful spirit up
 Beneath its mountain load:

Redeemed from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more,
And death the blessing shall restore
Which death hath snatched away;
For me thou wilt the summons send,
And give me back my parted friend
In that eternal day.

181

Hope of re-union.

L. M.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear saint, a short adieu !
Some angel calls thee to the spheres :
Our eyes thy radiant path pursue,
While rapture glistens in our tears.
- 2 Farewell, blest soul ; a short farewell !
Till soon we meet again above,
In the bright world where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.
- 3 There glory beams in every face,
And friendship smiles in every eye :
There saints are telling of the grace
That led them homeward to the sky.
- 4 O'er all the names of Christ our King,
Shall our harmonious voices rove ;
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of redeeming love.
- 5 Come, Sovereign Lord ! dear Saviour come !
Our golden hour, how long it stays !
Thy chariots send to bear us home :
We long to give Thee endless praise !

182 *Farewell to a Friend departed.* P. M.

- 1 **THOU** art gone to the grave,—but we will not deplore thee ;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold thee,
 Ner tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansion forsaking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;
 But the sun-shine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide ;
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
 Where death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

HEBER.

183 *On the Death of a Child.* C. M.

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;
 How soon the vapour flies !
 Man is a tender transient flower,
 That ev'n in blooming dies.
- 2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more :
 Ah ! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleased our eyes before ?

- 3 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo !—stern winter flies ;
 And, drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
 Religion points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys which cannot die.

STEELE.

184

Infants happy after Death.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine ;
 Thine image trace in every word,
 Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms
 Receive thy smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
 "And lay them in my breast ;
 "Protection they shall find in me,
 "In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
 "But can't dissolve my love ;
 "Millions of infant souls compose
 "The family above.

- 5 " Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 " And mould with heavenly skill ;
 " I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 " And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine ;
 Dear Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

STENNETT.

185 *At the funeral of a Young Person. C. M.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatched away.
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O, may this truth, imprest
 With awful power,—“ I too must die ! ”
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world delude no more
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour :
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene
 May every heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh, let us fly,—to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing, power ;
 This, only can prepare the heart
 For death's surprising hour.

STEET

186 *The sudden death of an aged saint. C. M.*

- 1 **O**UR years in quick succession rise,
Our days glide smoothly on;
The flight of time—so swift it flies—
Is unperceived, till gone.
- 2 On rapid wing, concealed from view,
Death brings our blest discharge;
Cuts the fine silver cord in two,
And sets the mind at large.
- 3 O what enlargement!—who can tell,
The o'erwhelming glory given,
When once the soul has burst its cell,
And finds itself in Heaven!

C. TINKLE.

187 *The righteous happy in death. L. M.*

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging mom appears;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies!"

BARSAULD.

188

Death of a believer.

C. M.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surrounded the saint
 When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,
 We scarce can say "He's gone !"
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Her station near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
 To trace her heavenward flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
 They are supremely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
 His presence always view ;
 And, if we here their footsteps trace,
 There we shall praise Him too.

NEWTON.

189

The grave of a Christian.

C. M.

- 1 **A**S billows roll to meet their fate,
 And break upon the shore,
 So rolls that billow, human life ;
 So breaks, and is no more.

- 2 Hushed in the grave, the last retreat,
 We view distinctly here,
 The vain pursuits of busy man,
 And sigh o'er human care.
- 3 But mark the grave that now receives
 What's dear to Jesus' breast:
 Let every soul whom Jesus warms,
 Pronounce the relics blest.
- 4 A time shall come when life shall yet
 Revive this mouldering clay,
 And these closed eyes shall yet awake,
 And Jesus' form survey.
- 5 Christian! O let this tender theme
 From lips like yours resound
 Nor think the labour lost t' have sung,
 A soul with Jesus joined.

190 *The Christian departing in peace.* C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH what a fixed and peaceful mind,
 The righteous man expires!
 Behold him breathing out his soul,
 In hopes and blest desires!
- 2 Eternal glory now begins
 To dawn upon his eyes,
 And Jesus animates his song,
 While languishing he lies.
- 3 No sins or fears disturb his soul,
 Nor terror from below;
 No worldly glory stops his flight,
 Or makes him loath to go.
- 4 Bright hosts of angels round his bed
 With holy ardour stand;
 Ready to bear aloft his soul,
 At Jesus' high command.

- 5 O how this bright, this blessed hope,
 My longing spirit warms !
 O let me live and die like him,
 Enclosed in Jesus' arms. .

PEARCE.

191 *The happiness of departing, and being with
 Christ.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
 And view the scene on either hand,
 My spirit struggles with its clay,
 And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;
 It faints my much loved Lord to see :
 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
 For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
 And lead the willing pilgrim home :
 Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
 Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blessed interview, how sweet !
 To fall transported at his feet !
 Raised in his arms to view his face,
 Through the full beamings of his grace.
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing !
 To fly as on a cherub's wing !
 Performing, with unwearied hands,
 A present Saviour's high commands !
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,
 I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
 For, while thy service I pursue,
 I find my heaven begun below.

DODDRIDGE

192

Resurrection anticipated.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I commit my soul to Thee!
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust;
- 2 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all thy saints shall rise,
And, clothed in full immortal bloom,
Attend Thee to the skies.
- 3 When thy triumphant armies sing
The honours of thy name,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb.
- 4 O, let me join the raptured lays,
And with the blissful throng,
Resound salvation, power, and praise,
In everlasting song!

193

Hope of rising again.

7s.

- 1 “**S**PIRIT—leave thine house of clay!
Lingering dust—resign thy breath!
Spirit—cast thy chains away!
Dust—be thou dissolved in death!”
- 2 Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies!
- 3 “Prisoner—long detained below!
Prisoner—now with freedom blest!
Welcome from a world of woe!
Welcome to a land of rest!”

- 4 Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high!
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky!
- 5 Grave—the guardian of our dust!
Grave—the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
- 6 Hark! the judgment trumpet calls!
“Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—
Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!”

MONTGOMERY.

194 *A prospect of the resurrection.* C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo! I behold the scattered shades,
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, “Ye dead arise!”
And, lo, the graves obey:
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th’ expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

- 6 O may my humble spirit stand
 Among them clothed in white !
 The meanest place at his right hand
 Is infinite delight.
- 7 How will our joy and wonder rise,
 When our returning King
 Shall bear us homeward, through the skies,
 On love's triumphant wing !

WATTS' LYRICS.

195 *The final sentence and misery of the wicked.*
 S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
 And must the dead arise ?
 And not a single soul escape
 His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day,
 When earth and heaven before his face,
 Astonished, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead,
 Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
 What joyful tidings spread.
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.
- 5 So shall that curse remove
 By which the Saviour bled,
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

DODDRIDGE.

196

The day of judgment.

8.7.—4.7.

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment—day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine!
 You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour!
 Own me in that day for thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea:
 All the powers of nature shaken
 By his looks prepare to flee:
 Careless sinner!
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors, past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
 Thou with Satan
 And his angels have thy part!"
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
 Loved and served the Lord below,
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed!
 See the kingdom I bestow!
 You for ever
 Shall my love and glory know."

- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought our courage raise !
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be changed to praise !
 May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze !

NEWTON.

197

The day of judgment.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall all the world in ashes lay ;
 The last loud trumpet's mighty sound
 Shall wake the nations under ground.
- 2 The Judge ascends his awful throne,
 He makes each secret sin be known :
 Nature and death shall, with surprise,
 Behold the pale offender rise.
- 3 Thou great Creator of mankind,
 Let guilty souls now favour find :
 My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
 Do not forsake me in the end.
- 4 O save me from the dark abyss,
 And raise me to the world of bliss ;
 Give my prepared soul a place,
 Among the chosen heirs of grace.

ROSCOMMON.

198

The last day.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away ;
 What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How will he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When shrivelling, like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll ;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead :

- 3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay;
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

WALTER SCOTT.

199

The last judgment.

- 1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see!
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
"Come to Judgment!"
Come to Judgment! come away."
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thine own bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
 The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home.
 • All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids Thee come.
- 6 Yea, amen ! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne !
 Saviour, take the power and glory :
 Claim the kingdom for thine own !
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come !

OLIVERS.

200 *Longing for a place at the right hand of
 Christ.* 8.8.6.

- 1 **W**HEN Thou, my righteous Judge, shall
 come
 To fetch thy ransomed people home,
 Shall I among them stand ?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all ;
 But can I bear the piercing thought !
 What, if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call ?
- 3 Prevent—prevent it by thy grace,
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this th' accepted day ;
 Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face:
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of sovereign grace.
-

201 *The second appearing of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, saints, and shout the Saviour's
 praise,
 To him your grateful tribute bring;
 Let angels hear the notes you raise,
 And strike their golden harps, and sing.
- 2 Sing, how he left the heavenly throne,
 And laid his splendid robes aside,
 Put all our mortal weakness on,
 And groaned and laboured, wept and died.
- 3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
 High let you ardent passions soar:
 See, where the great Redeemer reigns,
 And all the hosts of heaven adore.
- 4 Again he comes—a mighty cloud
 Bears him in sacred triumph down;
 The trumpet sounds, it summons loud;
 And angels shout his high renown.
- 5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
 The saints, in countless millions, rise;
 While seraphs stand admiring round,
 And view the change with vast surprise.

6 Hail, mighty Prince ; thy kingdom now,
 Thy bliss and triumph are complete ;
 To Thee the ransomed myriads bow,
 And lay their glories at thy feet.

7 O could I hope my guilty soul
 Might share the honours of that day,
 Then, let thine awful chariot roll,
 I'll fly to meet Thee on thy way.

HEGINBOTHAM,

202

Preparation for Heaven

L. M.

1 **H** EAVEN is a place of rest from sin ;
 But all, who hope to enter there,
 Must here that holy course begin,
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God ! in us create
 Right spirits, Lord, in us renew ;
 Commence we now that higher state—
 Now do thy will as angels do.

3 A life in heaven ! O what is this ?
 The sum of all that faith believed ;
 Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
 Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

4 While thrones, dominions, pryncedoms,
 powers,
 And saints made perfect, triumph thus,
 A goodly heritage is our's,—
 There is a heaven on earth for us.

5 The church of Christ, the school of grace,
 The Spirit teaching by the word ;
 In those our Saviour's steps we trace,
 By this his living voice is heard.

- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

MONTGOMERY.

203

Heavenly Zion longed for.

L. M.

- 1 **O** ZION, when I muse on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove;
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.
- 2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred courts I sigh:
Thither the ransomed nations come,
And see their Saviour "eye to eye."
- 3 While here I walk on hostile ground,
The few that I can call my friends,
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness my path attends.
- 4 But yet we shall behold the day,
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
Though now we're distant far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

204

Heaven desired.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam.

2 So grant me, Lord ! from every stain
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To steer my course to Thee !

3 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

MOORE.

205

Heaven anticipated.

C. M.

1 **A**ND let this feeble body fall,
And let it faint and die ;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high :

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
(That only rest for which it pants)
On the Redeemer's breast.

3 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there ;
They all are robed in radiant white,
And conquering palms they bear.

4 Lord, what are all my sufferings here
If thou but make me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet.

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life and friends away ;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

LADY HUNTINGDON'S COL.

206

Longing to be with Christ.

8s.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone :
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne !
- 2 My Saviour ! whom absent I love ;
Whom, not having seen, I adore ;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Break off, then, these bonds, that detain,
My soul from her portion in Thee ;
O strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline !
- 5 Oh, then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured,
I shall meet whom absent I loved,
I shall see whom unseen I adored !
- 6 And then, never more shall the fears,
And trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose !
- 7 Or, if yet remembered above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;
They'll be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise !
- 8 Thus the stroke, which from sin and from
Shall set me eternally free, [pain,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain,
Which binds me, my Saviour, to Thee !

COWPER.

207

Happiness approaching.

C. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
And each revolving year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course!
Ye mortal powers, decay!
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

208

Heaven contrasted with earth.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE people of the Lord
Are on their way to heaven;
There they obtain their great reward,
The prize will there be given.
- 2 'Tis conflict here below;
'Tis triumph there, and peace:
On earth we wrestle with the foe,
In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'Tis gloom and darkness here;
'Tis light and joy above:
There all is pure, and all is clear;
There all is peace and love.

- 4 There rest shall follow toil,
And ease succeed to care;
The victors there divide the spoil;
They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then let us joyful sing!
The conflict is not long:
We hope in heaven to praise our King,
In one eternal song.

KELLY,

209 *Christians risen and exalted with Christ.*
L. M.

- 1 **S**TUPENDOUS grace! and can it be
Designed for rebels such as we!
O let our ardent praises rise,
High as our hopes beyond the skies!
- 2 This flesh, by righteous vengeance slain,
Might ever in the dust remain;
These guilty spirits sent to dwell
Midst all the flames and fiends of hell.
- 3 But, lo! incarnate love descends;
Down to the sepulchre it bends;
Rising, it tears the bars away,
And springs to its own native day.
- 4 Then was our sepulchre unbarred;
Then was our path to glory cleared,
Then, if that Saviour be our own,
Did we ascend a heavenly throne.
- 5 A moment shall our joy complete,
And fix us in that shining seat,
Bought by the pangs our Lord endured,
And by unchanging truth secured.

- 6 O! may that love in strains sublime,
Be sung to the last hour of time!
And let eternity confess,
Through all its rounds, the matchless grace
DODDRIDGE.

210 *Happiness of saints in Heaven.* C. M.

- 1 **H**OW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all his glory see.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb!" aloud they cry,
"That brought us here to God:"
In ceaseless hymns of praise, they shout
The merits of his blood.
- 3 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.
- 4 They follow the exalted Lamb,
Where'er they see him go;
And at the footstool of his grace
Their blood-bought crowns they throw.
- 5 Lord, let the merit of thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I with them will shout thy praise
Through all the courts of heaven.

TOPLADY.

11 *Rest in Heaven.* 8.7.

- 1 **H**APPY soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning hours below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To thy waiting Saviour, go!

- 2 Anxious to receive thy spirit,
Lo ! Emmanuel dwells above ;
Pleads the value of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion,
Let no fear alarm thy breast ;
God shall bring thee full salvation,
God shall give thee endless rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

NOEL.

212

Heaven a world of joy. 8.7.—7.7.

- 1 **W**HAT is life ? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper ;
O my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder worlds of joy ?
- 2 See that glory ; how resplendent !
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
There in majesty transcendant,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of his love ;
Through the heavens his praise resounding
Fills the blissful courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy

- 4 Go and share his people's glory,
Midst the ransom'd crowd appear,
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

BULLY.

213

Heavenly Paradise.

C. M.

- 1 **L**OVE is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies;
On earth among the saints it grows,
And ripens in the skies.
- 2 Oh what a garden will be seen,
When all the flowers of grace
Appear in everlasting green
Before the Planter's face!
- 3 No more exposed to burning skies,
Or winter's piercing cold;
What never-dying sweets will rise
From every op'ning fold!
- 4 No want of sun or show'rs above,
To make the flowers decline;
Fountains of life and beams of love,
For ever spring and shine.
- 5 No more they need the quick'ning air.
Or gently rising dew;
Unspeakable their beauties are,
And yet for ever new.
- 6 Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun.
Among them walks the King,
Whose presence is *eternal noon*;
His smile *eternal spring*.

WAIN.

214

The heavenly Canaan.

C. M.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er these wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling wind nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay:
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

STERNE.

215

Felicity above.

C. M.

- 1 **N**O, 'tis in vain to seek for bliss ;
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread the heavenly ground.
- 2 There's nothing round these spacious skies,
Or round this dusky clod ;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lasting as thy God,
- 3 'Tis heaven on earth, to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace ;
And all the heav'n I hope above,
Is but to see his face.

WATTS.

216

The joys of Heaven.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright !)
Th' exalted Saviour shines ;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

- 5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till in thy blissful courts above,
 We join th' angelic choir. STERLE.

217

The heavenly Jerusalem.

C. M.

- 1 **JERUSALEM!** my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace, and Thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
 And pearly gates behold,
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?
- 3 O when thou city of my God
 Shall I thy courts ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths have no end ?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for Thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end
 When I thy joys shall see.

218

Moses's wise choice.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with all thy wakened powers
Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let these glittering toys of earth
Allure thy wandering eyes.
- 2 The splendid crown, which Moses sought,
Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large, immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My steadfast soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

DODDRIDGE.

219 *Happiness of heaven glorious and unchangeable.*

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore;—
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

- 3 [There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains !
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 4 No factions strife, no envy there,
The sons of peace molest :
But harmony and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.]
- 5 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 6 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray ;
But glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.
- 7 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.
- 8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright courts on high ;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

STEELE.

220 *Tribulation succeeded by glory.* L. M.

- 1 **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand,
With glory crown'd, in white array,
My wondering soul says, " Who are they ?"
- 2 These are the saints beloved of God ;
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood ;
More spotless than the purest white,
They shine in uncreated light.

- 3 Brighter than angels, lo ! they shine
 Their glories great, and all divine;
 Tell me their origin, and say
 Their order what,—and whence came they?
- 4 Through tribulation great they came;
 They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame;
 Within the living temple blest,
 In God they dwell, and on him rest.
- 5 And does the cross thus prove their gain?
 And shall they thus for ever reign,
 Seated on sapphire thrones, to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace?
- 6 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
 Nor burning thirst shall they sustain;
 To wells of living water led!
 By God, the Lamb, for ever fed!
- 7 Unknown to mortal ears, they sing
 The sacred glories of their King;—
 Tell me the subject of their lays,
 And whence their loud exalted praise?
- 8 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
 They sing the wonders of his name;
 To him ascribing power and grace,
 Dominion, and eternal praise.
- 9 Amen, they cry to him alone,
 Who dares to fill his Father's throne;
 They give him glory, and again
 Repeat his praise, and say, Amen.

DUNCAN.

- 1 **W**HO are those arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun,
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest to the eternal throne?

- These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of their dying God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes, by faith below,
In the blood of yonder LAMB,
Blood that washes white as snow,
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
- 3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now, and thirst, no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
- 4 Them the LAMB shall always feed,
He that on the throne doth reign,
To the living fountains lead,
With the tree of life sustain;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

DE COURCY.

222

The Church triumphant.

C. M.

- 1 **M**YRIADS of spirits round the throne,
In humble posture stand;
On every head a starry crown,
A palm in every hand.

- 2 Envy and strife are banished thence,
And angry passions cease;
They neither give nor take offence,
But all is love and peace.
- 3 From different quarters of the globe
These happy spirits came;
In Jesus' blood they washed their robes,
And triumphed in his name.
- 4 One glorious body now they make;
More glorious far their Head;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake,
Their sorrows all are fled.
- 5 Without a jarring note they join
In ceaseless songs of praise;
And to the sacred Three in One,
Loud hallelujahs raise.

BEDDOME.

223

Ascension of the Saints.

8.7.

- 1 **S**EE! the Captain of Salvation
Lead his armies up the sky;
Rise above the conflagration:
Leave the world to burn and die.
- 2 Lo! I see the fair immortals
Enter to the blissful seats,
Glory opens wide her portals,
And the Saviour's train admits.
- 3 All the chosen of the Father,
All for whom the Lamb was slain;—
All the church appear together,
Washed from every sinful stain.
- 4 His dear smile the place enlightens
More than thousand suns could do,
All around, his presence brightens,
Changeless, yet for ever new,

- 5 Blessed state ! beyond conception !
 Who its vast delights can tell ?
 May it be my blissful portion,
 With my Saviour, there to dwell. LEE.

224

The everlasting song.

C. M.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engrossed my love too long !
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour sits :
 The God ! how bright he shines !
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains
 Circle the throne around ;
 And move and charm the starry plains
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs :—
 Jesus, my love, they sing !
 Jesus, the life of both our joys
 Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run ;
 And echo in majestic sounds
 The Godhead of the Son.
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play ;
 And bring the Father's equal down
 To dwell in humble clay.
- 7 O sacred beauties of the Man !
 (The God resides within) :
 His flesh all pure without a stain,
 His soul without a sin.

- 8 And now to Calvary they turn,
 With grief and strange surprise;
 And in expressive silence mourn
 The God that loves and dies!
- 9 Seraph and saint, with drooping wing,
 Cease their harmonious breath;
 No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
 While Jesus sleeps in death.
- 10 Then, all at once, to living strains
 They summon every chord;
 Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
 And sing their rising Lord.
- 11 Now let me rise and join their song,
 And be an angel too;
 My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue,—
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 12 I would begin the music here,
 And so my soul should rise:
 O for some heavenly notes to bear
 My passions to the skies.

III. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I. CONVICTION, REPENTANCE, &c.

225 *The penitent redeemed from destruction.*
 C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, from his exalted throne,
 In majesty array'd,
 Looks with a gracious pity down
 On all that seek his face.

2 When, touched with penitent remorse,
Our follies past we mourn,
With what a tenderness of love
He meets our first return !

3 From heaven he sent his only Son
To ransom us with blood,
To snatch us from the burning lake,
When on its brink we stood.

4 From death and hell he leads us up
By a delightful way ;
And the bright beams of endless life
Doth round our path display.

5 Great God, we wonder and adore ;
And to exalt such grace,
We long to learn the songs of heaven
Ere yet we reach the place.

226 *Convinced sinners especially encouraged to
come to Christ.* 9.7.4.

1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come—'tis mercy's welcome hour !
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power ;
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome ;
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 View him prostrate in the garden
On the ground your Maker lies
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
It is finish'd!
Sinner, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

227

Genuine penitence.

C. M.

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies ;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt ;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !
And all my sins forgive :
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

STENNETT.

228

I have sinned against the Lord. L. M.

- 1 **I** LEFT the God of truth and light ;
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne ;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.

- 3 I dreamed of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stayed my head ;
But serpents hissed among the flowers ;
I 'woke, and thorns were all my bed. .
- 4 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.
- 5 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast dow
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance, from thy frown ?
Eternal Justice, from thine eye ?
- 6 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace ;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.
- 7 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair ;
None ever perished at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

MONTGOMERY

- 1 **T**HE Lord is kind in all his ways,
When most they seem severe !
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
That we may learn his fear.
- 2 With thorns he fences up our path,
And builds a wall around,
To guard us from the death that lurks
In sin's forbidden ground.

3 Return, ye wandering souls, return,
And seek his tender breast;
Call back the memory of the days
When there you found your rest.

4 Behold, O Lord, we fly to Thee,
Though blushes veil our face,
Constrained our last retreat to seek
In thy much injured grace.

DODDRIDGE.

230

Conversion.

L. M.

1 **T**HAT was a time of wondrous love,
When Christ my Lord was passing by :
He felt his tender pity move,
And brought his great salvation nigh.

2 Guilty and self-condemned I stood,
Nor thought his mercy was so near ;
When he my stubborn heart subdued,
And planted all his graces there.

3 My eyes were sealed, the shades of night
O'er all my mental powers were drawn ;
He spake the word, " Let there be light,"
And straight the day began to dawn.

4 When on the verge of endless pain,
He gently whispered, I am thine,
I lost my fears and dropped my chain,
And felt a transport all divine.

5 Now he supports the work begun,
Strengthens my hands and guides my ways
To him be endless honours done,
Let heaven and earth resound his praise.

BEDDOMF.

II. CONFLICT, &c.

231

The spiritual mourner.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HY, oh my soul, why weepest thou ?
 Oh say, from whence arise
 Those briny tears that often flow,
 Those groans that pierce the skies.
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
 Or the chastising rod ?
 Dost thou departed friends lament,
 Or mourn an absent God ?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
 And after none but thee !
 And then I would—oh that I might,
 A constant weeper be !

BEDDOME.

232

The struggle between faith and unbelief.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
 In thee believing we rejoice ;
 Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
 While faith contends with unbelief.
- 2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
 And keep our fainting hopes alive ;
 But guilt, and fears, and sorrows rise,
 And hide the promise from our eyes.
- 3 O let not sin and Satan boast,
 While saints lie mourning in the dust ;
 Nor see that faith to ruin brought,
 Which thy own gracious hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
 Reveal the glories of thy name ;
 And put all anxious doubts to flight,
 As shades dispersed by morning light.

BEDDOME.

233 *Anxiety of the doubting Christian.* 7s.

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child ?]
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You, that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray!
 If I have not loved before,
 Help me to begin to-day.

NEWTON.

234 *Conflict between sin and holiness.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT jarring natures dwell within,
 Imperfect bliss, remaining sin;
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
 Though each by turns my heart assail.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
 Now raise my songs of triumph high:
 Sing a rebellious passion slain,
 Or mourn to feel it live again.
- 3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
 Borne upwards to my native skies;
 While faith assists my soaring flight,
 To realms of joy and worlds of light.
- 4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
 Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
 I feel its sympathetic force,
 And headlong urge my downward course.
- 5 Great God, assist me through the fight,
 Make me to triumph in thy might;
 Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
 The victory mine, and thine the praise.

CRUTTENDEN.

235 *Saint's safety in a storm.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
 Out of the depths to Thee I call;
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2** [O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still."]
- 3** Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4** Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.
- 5** Though tempest tossed and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main,
Force back my shattered bark again.

COWPER.

236

Christian warriors singing. L. M.

- 1** **J**ESUS, to thy great name we sing,
And own thee our immortal King;
Thy sceptre with delight obey,
While with thy sword we fight our way.
- 2** While life remains we look to thee,
For courage, strength, and liberty,
Supply our wants from thy rich store,
Till we are filled, and want no more.
- 3** And when thy sweet, thy awful voice,
In death invites us to rejoice,
Thyself, O Saviour, strike the blow,
That slays our last, our strongest foe!
- 4** Thou didst thyself perfume the grave,
From fear of death thy saints to save;
Our souls through Jordan's billows guide,
And stem the overwhelming tide.

- 5 Thyself conduct us to the land,
Where ransomed saints adoring stand;
Where bliss, a sea without a shore,
Forbids the blest to wish for more!

III. AFFLICTION.

237

Comfort in affliction.

C. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTION is a stormy deep
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can reinstate my peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And pressed on every side,
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

COTTON.

238

Affliction sanctified.

L. M.

- 1 **A** MIDST these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils :
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod ?
- 2 Peace, rebel thoughts !—I'll not complain ;
My Father's smiles suspend my pain ;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.
- 3 Though heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine ;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 4 Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and lighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

COTTON.

239

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
 Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
 But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
 Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
 I have an Advocate with thee;
 They whom the world caresses most
 Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
 Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
 And he is safe, and must succeed,
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

COWPER.

240

Benefit of affliction.

72.

- 1 **'T**IS my happiness below
 Not to live without the cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss:
- 2 Trials must and will befall,
 But, with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,—
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil;
 These spring up, and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil.
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to prayer;
 Trials bring me to his feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.
- 5 [Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisements by the way,
 Might I not, with reason, fear
 I should prove a cast-away?

- 6 Bastards may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.]

COWPER.

241 *Desiring the presence of God in affliction.*
C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU only centre of my rest,
Look down with pitying eye,
While with protracted pain oppress
I breathe the plaintive sigh.
- 2 Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.
- 3 This can my every care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sun-shine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
- 4 My Lord, my life, O cheer my heart
With thy reviving ray,
And bid these mournful shades depart,
And bring the dawn of day!
- 5 O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.
- 6 Her part in those fair realms of bliss,
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

- 7 Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
 Aspire in vain to thee?
 Confirm my hope, that, where thou art,
 I shall for ever be.
- 8 Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
 The darksome hours away,
 And rise on faith's expanded wing
 To everlasting day.

STEELE.

242 *God bringing his people into covenant with
 himself by his rod.* S. M.

- 1 **H**OW gracious and how wise
 Is our chastising God!
 And O! how rich the blessings are,
 Which blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high,
 With pity in his heart,
 That every stroke his children feel
 May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus, they bow,
 And own his sovereign sway
 They turn their erring footsteps back
 To his forsaken way.
- 4 His covenant love they seek,
 And seek the happy bands,
 That closer still engage their hearts
 To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent
 To discipline divine;
 And bless the pains that make our souls
 Still more completely thine.

DODDRIDGE.

243

Sweet affliction.

8.7.—4.7

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul;
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.
- 2 [Thus the lion yields me honey,
From the eater food is given;
Strengthened thus I still press forward,
Singing, as I wade to heaven,
Sweet affliction,
And my sins are all forgiven.
- 3 'Mid the gloom the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play;
'Mid the thorn brake sweetest flowerets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul.]
- 4 So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations,
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.
- 5 [Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar,
Those, who know not Christ, they frighten;
But my soul defies their power:
Sweet affliction,
Thus to bring my Saviour near.]

- 6 In the sacred page recorded,
 Thus his word securely stands,
 ' Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,
 " Nought shall pluck thee from my hands :"
 Sweet affliction,
 Every word my love demands.
- 7 All I meet I find assists me
 In my path to heavenly joy,
 Where, though trials now attend me,
 Trials never more annoy :
 Sweet affliction,
 Thus to lead to endless joy.
- 8 Blest there with a weight of glory,
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,
 But, exulting, cry, it led me
 To my blessed Saviour's seat :
 Sweet affliction,
 Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

FRANKS.

IV. PILGRIMAGE.

244

The pilgrimage of life.

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR country is Immanuel's ground ;
 We seek that promised soil ;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.

- 3 We tread the path our master trod ;
We bear the cross he bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.
- 4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love ;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.
- 5 We purge our mortal dross away
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

BARBAULD.

245

The heavenly pilgrim. 8.7.—4.7.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside :
Guide me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

246

The pilgrim's song. 7.6.—7.7.7.6.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place :
 Sun and moon, and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upwards tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon your Saviour will return
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

CENNICK.

247

The pilgrim longing for heaven. L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU dearest object of my love,
 I long to dwell with thee above ;
 Fain would I leave the world, and rise
 To yon fair mansion in the skies

- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my peaceful home;
I faint with toil, and often say,
"Let not thy chariot long delay."
- 3 As one forsaken, and forlorn,
Thy absence, dearest Lord, I mourn;
I long thy blissful face to see,
And dwell for ever near to thee.
- 4 With patience I would wear the chain,
Till I my sweet release obtain;
Still waiting for that blessed day,
When thou wilt call my soul away.

FAWCETT

248 *The pilgrim longing for the bliss of heaven.*
C. M.

- 1 **P**ERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
Obedient to thy call,
To seek the presence of thy grace,
My strength, my life, my all.
- 2 All I can wish is thine to give;
My God, I ask thy love,—
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above
- 3 In these dark scenes of pain and woe,
What can my spirit find?
No happiness can dwell below,
To fill th' immortal mind.
- 4 To heaven my restless heart aspires;
O for a quickening ray,
T' invigorate my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.

- 5 The path to thy divine abode
Through a wild desert lies ;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.
- 6 Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord ;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.
- 7 My guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest ;
On thee alone my hopes depend,—
Be near, and I am blest.

STEELE.

249 *The pilgrim viewing the promised land.*
C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a view, from Pisgah's top,
Of my celestial seat !
'Twould give new courage to my hope,
And vigour to my feet.
- 2 Could I but always fix my eyes
On my immortal crown,
'Twould make my noblest passions rise,
And tread opposers down.
- 3 The frowns of earth would daunt no more
Than summer-evening skies !
Nor could their flattering smiles allure
My feet to leave the prize.
- 4 O earth ! thy fairest beauty fades,
When heaven appears in sight ;
Thy brightest lustre dies in shades,
Before celestial light !

- 5 My spirit stretches all her wings
Towards the eternal shores ;
And, weary of these restless things,
A land of peace explores.

LEE.

250 , *Seeking a better country.* 8.8.6.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot :
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.
- 2 The things eternal I pursue ;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder-brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

WESLEY.

251 *Christians seeking a city to come.* L. M.

- 1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here,"—
This may distress the worldly mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"—
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this truth our spirits cheer,
"We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"—
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name,—the Lord is there,
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine!
The time my God appoints is best:
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

KELLY

252 *The highway to Zion.* C. M.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised :
How holy and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest traveller err,
Nor ask the way in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound :
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 March, then, in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your hearts,
While travelling up the hill. DODDRIDGE.

253

The same ; or home in view. L. M.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 While he surveys the much-loved spot,
He slights the space that lies between ;
His past fatigues are all forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.
- 3 Thus when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies ;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 4 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

- 5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus, in the realms of day;
 Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
 And he will wipe my tears away.
- 6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
 To lead us on to thine abode;
 Assured our home will make amends
 For all our toil while on the road.

NEWTON.

254

The path to heaven chosen.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT thousands never knew the road!
 What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
 None but the chosen tribes of God
 Will seek or choose it for their own.
- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end;
 One, only, leads to joys on high;
 By that my willing steps ascend,
 Pleased with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask or hope to find
 Delight or happiness below;
 Sorrow may well possess the mind
 That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,
 I seek immortal joys above;
 There glory without end shall be
 The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,
 Contented lick your native dust;
 But God shall fight, with all his storms,
 Against the idol of your trust.

COWPER.

255

Walking with God.

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

256

*The Christian remembering all the way the
Lord has led him.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

- 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home ;
'Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.
- 4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed,
Sees every day new straight's attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?
- 6 'Tis even so ; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in All. **PAWCETT,**

257

God walking with his people. **C. M.**

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace ;
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With Adam's worthless race.
- 2 O lead me to that happy path,
Where I my God may meet ;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briars wound my feet.
- 3 Cheered with thy converse I can trace
The desert with delight :
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

- 4 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam:
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.
- 5 I ask not Enoch's rapturous flight
To realms of heavenly day;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds
To bear this flesh away.
- 6 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death
'That break its way to God. DODDRIEN.

258 * *Believers led to mount Zion.* C. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true.
- 2 Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?
- 3 Oh! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a father's care;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.
- 4 The Lord of light, though veiled awhile,
He hide his noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day.
- 5 Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
O wake thy heart to love.

- 6 A Saviour's blood hath bought thy peace ;
 Thy Saviour God adore :
 He bade the throb of terror cease,
 The pains of guilt he bore.

BOWDLER.

V. HOPE AND COMFORT.

259

Good hope through grace.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, humble souls, ye mourners come,
 And wipe away your tears :
 Adieu to all your sad complaints,
 Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come, shout aloud the Father's grace,
 And sing the Saviour's love :
 Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
 In loftier strains above.
- 3 God, th' eternal mighty God,
 To dearer names descends ;
 Calls you his treasure and his joy,
 His children and his friends.
- 4 My Father God !—and may these lips
 Pronounce a name so dear ?
 Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
 Delight my listening ear.
- 5 [Thanks to my God for every gift
 His bounteous hands bestow ;
 And thanks eternal for that love
 Whence all those comforts flow.]
- 6 For ever let my grateful heart
 His bounteous grace adore ;
 Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
 And bids me hope for more.

- 7 Transporting hope!—still on my soul
 May his sweet glories shine,
 'Till all my powers are lost in joys,
 Immortal, and divine.

HEGINBOTHOM.

260 *Support in God's covenant under trouble.*
 C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, the covenant of thy love
 Abides for ever sure;
 And, in its matchless grace, I feel
 My happiness secure.
- 2 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.
- 3 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heavenly rays impart,
 Which, when my eye-lids close in death,
 Shall warm my chilling heart.

DODDRIDGE.

261 *Hope encouraged.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind?
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe, if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand—
 That gracious hand on which I live
 Doth life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame;
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wondrous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread! how bright they shine

- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love !
 Here let me trust, while I adore—
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 5 My God, if thou art mine indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave ;
 A present help in times of need ;
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord !
 And ease the sorrows of my breast ;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That thou art mine—and I am blest.

STEELE.

262

Hope in darkness.

L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my sun, thy blissful rays
 Can warm, and cheer, and guide my heart;
 How dark, how mournful are my days,
 If thy enlivening beams depart !
- 2 Scarce through the shades a glimpse of day
 Appears to these desiring eyes ;
 But shall my drooping spirit say,
 The cheerful morn will never rise ?
- 3 O, let me not despairing mourn,
 Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky ;
 My glorious sun will yet return,
 And night with all its horrors fly.
- 4 O, for the bright, the joyful day,
 When hope shall in fruition die !
 So tapers lose their feeble ray,
 Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

263

Refuge at a throne of grace.

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD! there is a throne of grace,
There we now would seek thy face,
Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seeks Thee there.
- 2 Though our language simple be,
Words are nothing, Lord, with Thee;
To the broken contrite heart,
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.
- 3 Saviour, for us intercede,
While the promises we plead,
And, while we the blessings gain,
Thine the glory shall remain.

CORBIN.

264

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of troubles roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But O, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the ear of sovereign grace
 Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer;
 O may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there!
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still;
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

STEELE.

265

Rejoicing in hope.

7s.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the Fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

- 6 Lord ! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee !

CENNICK.

266 *The joy of the Lord is our strength.* C. M.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love ;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine !
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind :
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

NEWTON.

267*Return of joy.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend ;
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while ;—
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed,—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away !

GRANT.

270 *Desiring communion with God.* L. M.

- 1 **M**Y rising soul, with strong desires,
To perfect happiness aspires,
With steady steps would tread the road
That leads to heaven—that leads to God .
- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love
From the pure fountain-head above :
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Emptied of sin, and full of Thee.
- 3 For Thee I pant, for Thee I burn ;
Art thou withdrawn ? again return :
Nor let me be the first to say,
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

BEDDOME.

271 *God speaking peace to his people.* C. M.

- 1 **U**NITE, my roving thoughts, unite
In silence soft and sweet :
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

- 2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims himself my friend.
- 3 Harmonious accents to my soul
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at his word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.
- 4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve his love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er. DODDRIDGE.

272

Friendship with God.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;
- 2 When not even friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world has made
O this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh!
- 3 His counsels and upholding care,
My safety and my comfort are;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.
- 4 Jesus! in whom but thee above,
'Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have passed away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?

273, 274 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 6 But O! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I shall triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion, is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

CONDER.

273

The heavenly shepherd.

S. M.

- 1 **W**HILE God my father's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest:
How sweet a lot is mine,
With pleasure, food, and safety blest!
Beneficence divine!
- 5 Great shepherd! if I stray;
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

STEELE.

274.

God our refuge.

C. M.

- 1 **O**N God we build our sure defence,
In God our hopes repose:
His hand protects our varying life,
And guards us from our woes.

- 2 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The city of our God.
- 3 We to the mighty Lord of Hosts
Securely will resort:
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

FITT.

275 *A filial temper, the work of the Spirit, and a
proof of adoption.* C. M.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds on high
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head
Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father, God, how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe:
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the sign deceive.
- 5 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

DODDRIECK.

276 *Resignation; or, God our portion.* C M.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In Thee, and Thee alone.
- 4 What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mixed with gall:
Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my All in All.

BEDDOME.

VI. CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES GENERALLY.

277 *The happiness of the godly.* C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the men, whose bliss supreme
Flows from a source on high
And flows in one perpetual stream,
When earthly springs are dry.

- 2 Contentment makes their little—more ;
And sweetens good possess ;
While faith foretastes the joys in store,
And makes them doubly blest.
- 3 If Providence their comforts shroud,
And dark distresses lower ;
Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
And grace shines through the shower.
- 4 What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm,
Who view a Saviour near ?
Whose Father sits and guides the helm ;
Whose voice forbids their fear ?
- 5 Let tempests rage, and billows rise,
And mortal firmness shrink ;
Their anchor fastens in the skies ;
Their bark, no storm can sink !
- 6 God is their joy and portion still,
When earthly good retires ;
And shall their hearts sustain, and fill,
When earth itself expires.

G. TIMMS.

278

Filial submission.

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
To say, My Father, God !
Lord ! at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise ;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom
And bid me wait serene
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the scene.

- 4 My Father—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

STEELE.

279

Holy boldness.

L. M.

- 1 **S**PRINKLED with reconciling blood,
I dare approach thy throne, O God;
Thy face no frowning aspect wears,
Thy hand no vengeful thunder bears!
- 2 Th' encircling rainbow, peaceful sign!
Doth with refulgent brightness shine!
And, while my faith beholds it near,
I bid farewell to every fear.
- 3 Let me thy grateful homage pay;
With courage sing, with fervour pray,
And, though myself a wretch undone,
Hope for acceptance through thy Son—
- 4 Thy Son, who on th' accursed tree
Expired to set the vilest free;
On this I build my only claim,
And all I ask is in his name.

BEDDOME.

280

Dignity of the Christian name. L. M.

- 1 **N**OT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

- 3 On them, a happy chosen race,
Their Father pours his richest grace
To them his counsels he imparts,
And stamps his image on their hearts.
- 4 When, through temptation, they rebel,
His chastening rod he makes them feel;
Then, with a father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain, and heals the smart.
- 5 Their daily wants his hands supply,
Their steps he guards with watchful eye,
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 6 Have I the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family?
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call thee, Abba, Father! too.

STENNETT.

281.

Happiness only in God.

C. M.

- 1 **O** HAPPY they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.
- 2 He helped his saints in ancient days,
Who trusted in his name;
And we can witness, to his praise,
His love is still the same.
- 3 Oft in his house his glory shines
Before our wondering eyes;
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.
- 4 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light:
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

- 5 Lord, let us then most highly prize
 These tokens of thy love,
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
 To worship Thee above.

NEWTON.

282 *The happiness of God's Israel.* L. M.

- 1 **O** ISRAEL, blest beyond compare!
 Unrivalled all thy glories are;
 Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
 And calls thine interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord,
 His shield is thine, and thine his sword:
 Review, in ecstasy of thought,
 The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
 Opens thy passage through the sea;
 He through the desert is thy guide,
 And heaven for Canaan will provide.
- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
 Such favours to their chosen host;
 Their glories, which through ages shine,
 Are but dim shades and types of thine.
- 5 Celestial Spirit! teach our tongue
 Sublim'er strains than Moses sung,
 Proportioned to the sweeter name
 Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

DODDRIDGE.

283 *The request.* C. M.

PART I.

- 1 **F**ATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise.

- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee:
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

283

Thanksgivings.

C. M.

PART II.

- 1 **T**HANKS to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.
- 2 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- 3 Transporting hope! still on my soul
Let thy bright glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Eternal and divine.

284

Pleasures of religion.

7s.

- 1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
- 2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MASTERS.

285 *Supreme importance of religion.* C. M.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below :
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know !
- 2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own !
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear ;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies.

286

Light shining in darkness. L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE Egypt lies enwrapt in night,
And horror reigns in every mind,
Where Israel dwells, there wondrous light
Diffuses peace and joy refined.
- 2 So grace shall round the righteous shine
— In tents of poverty and woe;
While all the powers of wrath combine
To lay their proud oppressors low.
- 3 Though all the world in darkness lies,—
Where'er his ransomed sons may rest,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
In all his richest glories drest.
- 4 Through every scene of suffering here,
His light and comfort still prevail;
Nor can our faith admit a fear,
Should all the springs of nature fail.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

287

Returning into rest. L. M.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, and seek thy rest
Upon thy heavenly Father's breast:
Indulge me, Lord, in that repose,
Which he, who loves thee only knows.
- 2 Lodged in thine arms, I fear no more
The tempest's howl, the billow's roar:
Those storms must shake the Almighty's seat,
Which violate the saints' retreat.
- 3 Thy bounties, Lord, to me surmount
The power of language to recount;
From morning dawn, the setting sun
Sces but my work of praise begun.

- 4 The mercies all my moments bring
Ask an eternity to sing;
What thanks those mercies can suffice,
Which through eternity shall rise?
- 5 Rich in ten thousand gifts possessed,
In future hopes more richly blest,
I'll sit and sing, till death shall raise
A note of more proportioned praise.

DODDRIDGE.

288 *The Christian's hidden life.* C. M.

- 1 **L**ET sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense;
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.
- 2 With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.
- 3 'Tis now concealed and lodged secure
In God's eternal Son;
From age to age it shall endure,
Though to the world unknown.
- 4 Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from Thee;
'Tis fit that where the head resides
The members too should be.

BEDDOME.

289 *Desiring a renewed heart.* C. M.

- 1 **O**H for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me!

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A lowly and believing heart,
Abhorring sense and sin;
Which neither life nor death can part,
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

WESLEY.

290 *Seeking first the kingdom of God.* C. M.

- 1 **N**OW let a true ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heavenly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hand
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While stars and suns decay.
- 3 Away, each grovelling, anxious care,
Beneath a Christian's thought;
We spring to seize immortal joys,
Which our Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue;
Nor fear the want of earthly good,
While heaven is kept in view.

DODDRIDGE

291

Retirement.

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree:
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine;
And, (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what praise
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

COWPER

292 *Seeking relief from sin and sorrow.* C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;

How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God ;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones ;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear ;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

WATTS.

IV. CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

PRESENT CONDITION, AND FUTURE GLORY.

293

Asking the way to Zion.

C. M.

- 1 **E**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill ;
And thither set your steady face
With a determined will.
 - 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.
 - 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there :
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.
- 213

4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
 In everlasting bands ;
 And seize the blessing he bestows,
 With eager hearts and hands.

5 Come, let us seal without delay
 The covenant of his grace ;
 Nor shall the years of distant life
 Its memory efface.

6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
 To seek their father's God,
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path
 Their youthful feet have trod.

DODDRIDGE

294 *Joy on the conversion of sinners.* C. M

1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,
 When prodigals return,
 To see desponding souls rejoice,
 And haughty sinners mourn.

2 "Come, saints, and hear what God has done,"
 Is a reviving sound ;
 O may it oft refresh our souls,
 And spread the globe around.

3 Often, O Sovereign Lord, renew
 The wonders of this day,
 That Jesus here may see his seed,
 And Satan lose his prey.

4 Great God ! the work is all thine own ;
 Thine be the praises too :
 Let every heart and every tongue
 Give Thee the glory due.

295

Joining the Church.

C. M.

- 1 **W**ITNESS ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Oh guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BEDDOME.

296

On receiving members.

S. M.

- 1 **W**HO can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high celestial King
His saving power displays ?
- 2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall ;
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all ?
- 3 When heaven's expanding gates
Invite the pilgrims' feet,
And Jesus, at their entrance, waits
To place them on his seat ?

- 4 Who can forbear to praise
Our high celestial King,
When sovereign, rich, redeeming grace,
Invites our tongues to sing?

SWAIN.

- 1 **T**HOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,—
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.
- 5 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair.
- 6 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

STEELE.

298

God present in his churches. L. M.

- 1 'TIS the fair dawn of heavenly day,
To heavenly bliss the shining way,
When to his temple God descends,
And there converses with his friends.
- 2 With beams of smiling majesty
He awes and yet invites them nigh;
His glory and his grace displays,
And shines with bright but friendly rays.
- 3 While hovering o'er the happy place
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace;
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.
- 4 'Tis here we learn the blessed skill,
'To know and do our Maker's will;
And while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heavenly joy we soar away.
- 5 These are the dearest hours I know,
The sweetest joys of all below;
Here I would choose my fixed abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

299

Prayer for the increase of the church.

L. M.

- 1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy
throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

- 3 Speak thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
 Shall floods of pious sorrow rise :
 While all their glowing souls are borne
 To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 Oh, let a holy flock await
 Numerous around thy temple-gate !
 Each pressing on with zeal to be
 A living sacrifice to Thee.
- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see thy church arise ;
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

DODDIDGE.

300 *Church on earth, and in heaven but one.*

C. M.

1. **L**ET saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him ;
 One church, above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream—
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 art of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Ten thousand to their endless home,
 This solemn moment fly ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die !

- 5 O Jesus! be our constant guide;
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.
-

301 *Future peace and joy of the Church. 8.7.*

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
 "O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you:
- 2 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways;
 You shall name your walls, Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 3 There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow:
- 4 Still, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.
- 5 Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me:
- 6 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light."

cc

302 *Progress and peace of Christ's kingdom,*
C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
"Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
"And to his house we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 6 Come, then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine,
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

LOGAN.

303 *Zion's increase prayed for.* L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by Thee, O may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

- 2 May every pastor from above
Be now inspired with zeal and love
To watch thy fold, to feed thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.
- 5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.
- 6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping, sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

KINGSBURY.

304

God entreated for Zion.

L. M.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
'Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise
'Till thine own power shall stand confest,
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- 3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the desolation round;
See what wide realms in darkness lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

- 4 Loud let the silver trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar ;
Let all the isles the gospel know,
And hail Messiah's natal star.
- 5 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
And bless her princes and her priests,
And by thine energy divine,
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 6 On all our souls let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, in copious showers,
That we may call our God our friend,
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 7 Then shall each age and rank agree,
United shouts of joy to raise :
And Zion, made a praise by Thee,
To Thee shall render back the praise.

DODDRIDGE

305 *For the general diffusion of the Spirit. L. M.*

- 1 **S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love !
O shed thy influence from above,
And still from age to age inspire
Thy church with Pentecostal fire.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung,
Let all the listening earth be taught,
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort ! heavenly Guide !
Still o'er thy favoured church preside :
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !

306

Happiness of gospel times.

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Herald of our King,
That comes to set us free !
The dwellers of the rock shall sing,
And utter praise to thee !
- 2 Tabor and Hermon yet shall see
Their glories glow again,
And blossoms spring on field and tree,
That ever shall remain.
- 3 The happy child in dragon's way
Shall frolic with delight ;
The lamb shall round the leopard play,
And all in love unite ;
- 4 The dove on Zion's hill shall light,
That all the world must see.
Hail to the Conqueror, in his might,
That comes to set us free !

HOGG.

307

The Church called to rejoice.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET Zion from the dust arise,
And in her brightest beauty shine ;
Jesus, descending from the skies,
Shall fill his church with joys divine.
- 2 In gloomy darkness long she lay,
Deprest with cares and griefs unknown ;
But now, behold a glorious day
Of gospel light begins to dawn.
- 3 Put off, ye saints, your mourning dress,
And hail the long-expected morn ;
Let robes of joy and righteousness
The happy spouse of Christ adorn.

- 4 Darkness involves the nations round,
Gross darkness veils the sinner's eyes;
But ye, who dwell in Salem's ground,
Behold the sacred light arise!
- 5 On you his glory shall be seen;
Your love, your zeal, and pious care,
Shall witness to the sons of men,
That God, with all his grace, is here.
- 6 Sinners shall flock to Zion's gate,
And know the gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall confirm your happy state,
And truth and holiness abound.

FAWCETT.

308 *Comfort for the Church in trouble.* 11s.

- 1 **O** ZION! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can
save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismayed,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decayed.
- 2 Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,
But skilful 's the Pilot who sits at the helm,
His wisdom conducts thee, his power thee defends,
In safety and quiet thy voyage he ends.
- 3 "O fearful! O faithless!" in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land."
- 4 Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name
Engraved on my heart doth for ever remain!
The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.
- 5 Then trust me, and fear not; thy life is secure:
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,
To make thee at length in my likeness to shine.

- 6 The foolish, the fearful, the weak are my care,
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;
From all their afflictions, my glory shall spring,
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."

309

Good tidings to Zion.

8.7.—4.7.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.
- 3 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee:
Here their boasted triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy warfare now is passed:
For thy shame thou shalt have double:
Days of peace are come at last.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

KELLY.

310

The Gospel Jubilee.

6.8.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow !
 The gladly solemn sound
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound
 The year of Jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 The sin-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption by his blood
 Through all the world proclaim.

The year, &c.

3 Ye, who have sold for nought,
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back, unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.

The year, &c.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive ;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.

The year, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pardoning grace ;
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face.

The year, &c.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Has full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad.

The year, &c.

TOPLADY.

311

Gospel harvest.

L. M.

- 1 **L**O! clad in nature's bright array,
The fields a beauteous scene display;
See how the golden ears of corn,
Wide waving, all the hill adorn.
- 2 See earth with God's rich goodness crown'd,
A joyful plenty smiles around;
But now, to our admiring eyes,
Behold! superior prospects rise,
- 3 [Rich harvests, where salvation grows,
Their fair celestial fruits disclose;
A paradise on earth is seen,
How pleasing, how divine the scene.]
- 4 See sinners hastening to embrace
The tidings of forgiving grace;
Redeemed from hell with price divine,
In faith and holiness they shine.
- 5 All crowned with immortality,
These fruits of righteousness shall be;
Then they that reap, and they that sow,
Shall everlasting triumphs know.
- 6 Together shall their songs arise,
In the fair fields of paradise;
And shouts of triumph and of joy
Their blest eternity employ.

PEACOCK

312

Restoration of Israel.

C. M.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south,—“Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north.”
- 4 They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

MONTGOMERY.

313

God entreated for Zion.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright, a dazzling day,
The saints shall view with sweet surprise,
His grand,—his universal sway!
- 2 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in his peaceful reign;
And Zion, blest with heavenly bread,
Shall never more of wants complain.
- 3 The Jew, the Greek, the bond and free,
Shall boast their several rites no more;
But join in sweetest harmony
Their Lord, their Sovereign to adore.
- 4 O happy day! when all the elect,
Complete in number shall be found;
And like their great, their mystic head,
Be with eternal honours crowned.

ROSELL.

314

Anticipation of sabbath.

8.8.6.

- 1 **S**WEET day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,
 Emblem and earnest of a state
 Where saints are fully blest !
 For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,
 I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
 Sweet day of sacred rest !
- 2 O that it might be always so ;
 My songs no interruption know,
 Till death shall seal my tongue ;
 In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
 And rest from every thing but praise,
 My heaven an endless song.

315

The Lord's day.

L. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
 Another Sabbath is begun ;
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
 Improve the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns :
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
 Provides an antepast of heaven,
 And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
 As grateful incense, to the skies ;
 And draw from heaven that sweet repose
 Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
 Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
 Which for the church of God remains,
 The end of cares, the end of pains.

- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

STENNETT.

316

Sabbath morning.

C. M

- 1 **V**AIN world, with all thy busy cares
And glittering toys, depart;
A nobler guest demands my time,
'Tis Jesus claims my heart.
- 2 He rose, the dear Redeemer rose,
And owns this sacred day;
Come, O my soul, with cheerful haste,
Thy grateful homage pay.
- 3 Sing the rich wonders of his death,
His risen glories tell:
His great and glorious victory sing,
O'er sin, and death, and hell.
- 4 This is the day, the blissful day,
Ordained for sacred joy;
In prayer, in praise, in heavenly love,
These sacred hours employ.
- 5 Come, blessed Jesus, from above,
And in my bosom shine;
Come, bear my soul from earth away,
To feast on joys divine.
- 6 O happy place! I long t' appear
In that bright world above;
To see my dear Redeemer there,
And sing, and praise his love!

317

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and bless this day;
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away;
Now, let our noblest passions rise
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest,
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then, when our sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend
A sabbath, which shall never end.

318

Sabbath morning.

C. M.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light,
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours celestial day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant, from the tomb!
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannahs sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand joyful lips shall join,
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from above,
To nations yet unborn.

BARBAULD

319

The same.

7s.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,
 Jesus dissipates its gloom !
 Day of triumph through the skies—
 See the glorious Saviour rise :
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
 Chase those unbelieving fears ;
 Look on his deserted grave,
 Doubt no more his power to save,
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade ;
 Drive your anxious cares away,
 See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
 So returning beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.

COLLYER.

320

The Lord's day.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord of life
 Ascended to the skies :
 My thoughts pursue the lofty theme,
 And to the heavens arise.
- 2 Let no vain cares divert my mind
 From this celestial road,
 Nor all the honours of the earth
 Detain my soul from God.
- 3 Think of the splendours of that place,
 The joys that are on high ;
 Nor meanly rest contented here,
 With worlds beneath the sky.

- 4 Heaven is the birth-place of the saints,
 To heaven their souls ascend;
 Th' Almighty owns his fav'rite race,
 As Father and as Friend.
- 5 O may these lovely titles prove
 My comfort and defence,
 When the sick couch shall be my lot,
 And death shall call me hence! N. COTTON.

321

Happiness of the Sabbath.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when prest
 With six days' noise, and care and toil,
 Is the returning day of rest,
 Which hides them from the world awhile!
- 2 Now from the throng withdrawn away,
 They seem to breathe a different air;
 Composed and softened by the day,
 All things another aspect wear.
- 3 With joy they hasten to the place
 Where they the Saviour oft have met;
 And while they feast upon his grace,
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.
- 4 This highly-favored lot is ours,—
 May we the privilege improve;
 And find these consecrated hours,
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.
- 5 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord:
 Here, we thy promised presence seek;
 Open thine hand, with blessings stored,
 And give us manna for the week.

NEWTON.

322

Sabbath morning.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join in sweet accord
 In hymns around the throne;
 This is the day our rising Lor'
 Has made and called his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
 The brightest of the seven,
 Type of that everlasting rest
 The saints enjoy in heaven.

NEWTON.

323

The eternal Sabbath.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
 On this thy day, in this thy house:
 And own, as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from the desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our labouring souls aspire
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress;
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin!
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 And sleep in death to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

324

The same.

C. M.

1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene;
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Assist me, while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

3 [Release my soul from every chain,—
No more sin's captive led;
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul
That gives itself to Thee;
Take all that I possess below,
And give thyself to me.]

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend,
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

CENNICK.

325

Lord's day evening.

C. M.

1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end ;—
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine ;—
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy

BROWN.

326 *The heavenly Sabbath anticipated.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress ;
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love :
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

DODDRIDGE.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

327

A blessing humbly requested.

74.

PART I.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
- 2 In thy own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

HAMMOND.

327

What is prayer?

C. M.

PART II.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant-lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watch-word at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.
- 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :
Lord, teach us how to pray !

MONTGOMERY.

328

Exhortation to prayer.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

- 4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 5 Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

COWPER.

329

Praise to our Creator

C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with pious mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

BRADY AND T

330 *The pleasures of social worship.* S. M.

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents:
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts:
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

STENNETT.

331 *Waiting upon God a source of spiritual wealth.* L. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the men in ancient days;
Whose hearts were set on Zion's ways;
Cheerful along the waste they trod
To join the assemblies of their God.

- 2 Still happier they, whose souls aspire
To heaven, with hope and strong desire ;
And, as their course they thither bend,
On uncreated might depend.
- 3 From stage to stage, from strength to strength,
They go, till they arrive at length
At the Jerusalem above,
There to enjoy the God of love.
- 4 Immortal life and joys unknown,
Flow, in full rivers, from the throne ;
In his own light our God is seen,
Without one veiling cloud between.

GIBBONS.

332

Delight in ordinances.

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are.
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows
Bliss that softens all our woes ;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus with sacred songs of joy
We our happy lives employ ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

D. TURNER.

333

Delight in God's house.

L. M.

1 **T**HOU, Lord! my safety, thou my light!
 What danger shall my soul affright?
 Strength of my life! what arm shall dare
 To hurt whom thou hast made thy care?

2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
 My heart has formed, and yet shall form,—
 In God's own house to spend my days,
 My life devoted to his praise.

3 There, joyful, find a sure abode,
 And view the beauty of my God;
 For he, within his hallowed shrine,
 My secret refuge shall assign.

4 When thou, with condescending grace,
 Hast bid me seek thy shining face,
 My heart reply'd to thy kind word;
 "Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord."

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
 And nature leave a parent's heart;
 My God, on whom my hopes depend,
 Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble souls in every strait,
 On God, with sacred courage wait;
 His hand shall life and strength afford;
 O ever wait upon the Lord.

STEELE.

334

The same

L. M.

1 **L**ET me with light and truth be blest,
 Be these my guides to lead the way,
 Till on God's holy hill I rest,
 And in his sacred temple pray.

- 2 Then will I there fresh altars raise.
 To Thee, who art my only joy;
 And well tuned harps, with songs of praise
 Shall all my grateful hours employ.

BRADY AND TATE.

335 *Longing for the courts of God.* C. M.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chace,
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God!
 My thirsty soul doth pine:
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 In majesty divine?
- 3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
 Those happy days present,
 When I, with troops of pious friends,
 Thy temple did frequent;
- 4 When I advanced, with songs of praise
 My solemn vows to pay,
 And led the joyful sacred throng
 That kept the festal day;
- 5 But now my soul's cast down, O God!
 Yet thinks on Zion still;
 From Jordan's banks, from Hermon's heights,
 And Mizar's lowly hill.
- 6 And when thy presence, Lord of life!
 Has once dispelled this storm,
 To Thee I'll grateful anthems sing,
 And all my vows perform.

BRADY AND TATE.

336 *Praise and enjoyment.* L. M.

- 1 **F**OR Thee, O God! our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat:
Our promised altars here we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humbler distance taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

BRADY AND TATE.

337 *The tabernacles of the Lord amiable.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH nature's temple, large and wide,
Resounds with joyful lays,
From creatures taught to swell the tide
Of their Creator's praise,
- 2 A fairer habitation greets
The Christian's joyful eye,
Where Christ, his new-born wishes meets,
And lifts his hopes on high;
- 3 A calm asylum for the soul
With guilt and fear opprest,
Where mercy waits, as seasons roll,
To give the weary rest.
- 4 The still small voice of heavenly love
Here calls our thoughts away
To purer joys, that shine above
The influence of decay.
- 5 While faith, with undiverted eyes,
Through all the storms of time,
Elated views the glorious prize
Of heaven's eternal clime.

- 6 Lord ! with delight my constant feet
To thine abode would come ;
Till death my willing soul shall meet,
And gently waft it home.

SLATTER.

338

The same,

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 One day within thy sacred gate
Affords more real joy to me
Than thousands in the tents of state :
The meanest place is bliss with Thee.
- 4 God is a sun ; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows :
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 5 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere ;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy favourites of his care.
- 6 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on Thee !

STEELE

339

Desiring God's presence.

L. M.

- 1 **T**O visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Zion, thy terrestrial throne,
Where kings with presents shall attend,
And Thee with offered crowns atone.
- 2 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her hands, and Afric homage bring;
The scattered kingdoms of the earth
Their common sovereign's praises sing;
- 3 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heaven, sublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.
- 4 Ascribe the power to God most high:
Of humble Israel He takes care,
Whose strength from out the dusky sky
Darts shining terrors through the air.
- 5 How dreadful are the sacred courts
Where God has fixed his earthly throne.
His strength his feeble saints supports
To give God praise, and him alone,

BRADY AND TATE.

340

Entering the divine presence.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend:
While, with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!

- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love
Mount upward to the skies!
- 4 But ah! the song how cold it flows!
How languid our desire!
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire!
- 5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 7 Then shall our hearts enraptured say
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls thy children home.

STEELE.

341 *The presence of Christ the joy of his people.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE wondring nations have beheld
The sacred prophecy fulfilled;
And angels hail the glorious morn,
That shewed the great Messiah born.
- 2 The Prince! the Saviour! long desired,
Whom men foretold, by heaven inspired,
And raptured saw the blissful day,
Rise o'er the world with healing ray.

- 3 Oft, in the temples of his grace,
His saints behold his smiling face;
And oft have seen his glories shine
With power and majesty divine:
- 4 But soon, alas ! his absence mourn,
And pray and wish his kind return;
Without his life-inspiring light,
'Tis all a scene of gloomy night.
- 5 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes ;—
- 6 Till, filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

STEELE.

342 *The good man's prospect for time and eternity*

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad ;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide ;
And in that long experienced care,
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream ;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
 These distant courts I love ;
 But O ! I burn with strong desire
 To view thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,
 My soul would there adore ;
 A pillar in thy temple fixed,
 To be removed no more.

DODDRIDGE.

343

Homage and devotion.

C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
 Of heaven's almighty King :
 Here we present the solemn vow,
 And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee
 Our filial duty pay :
 Thy service, unconstrained and free,
 Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
 With trust and holy fear,
 Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
 And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
 And tune our lips to sing ;
 Nor from thy presence cast away
 The sacrifice we bring.

JERVIS

344 *Heavenly worship desired on earth. L. M.*

- 1 **O** FOR a sweet inspiring ray,
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the bright realms of endless day,
 The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne
 Adoring saints and angels fall:
 And, with delightful worship, own
 His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head;
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all the assemblies of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
 To boundless rapture while they gaze:
 Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
 Resound his everlasting praise.
- 5 There all the followers of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
 O may the joy-inspiring theme
 Awake our faith and warm desire!
- 6 Dear Saviour! let thy Spirit seal
 Our interest in that blissful place:
 Till death remove this mortal veil,
 And we behold thy lovely face.

STEHLER.

 IV. BEFORE PRAYER AND SERMON—AFTER
 SERMON.
345*Jacob wrestling with God.*

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow:
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name:
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 [Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.]
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.

346 *Sinners urged to seek salvation.* L. M.

- 1 **S**INNER, O, why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die;
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly?
- 2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams;
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames.

- 3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
For ever telling, yet untold.

WATTS.

347 *Prayer for a blessing.* 8.7.—4.7.

- 1 **C**OME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,
Bless the sower and the seed :
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which thy word's designed to give
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive ;
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live !

348 *The same.* C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the harvest ! God of grace !
Send down thy heavenly rain ;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, like birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain ;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.
- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring ;
Which, scorch'd with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives,
A transient rapture prove ;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word ;
So shall our fair and ripened fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

349 *Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones.* L. M.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
And can these perished bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophecy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,—
Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death,
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when the trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

RODDERIDGE

350

Expostulation.

L. M.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.
- 3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.
- 5 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
O let him not thy counsel spurn
Nor rue his fatal choice too late

351

Sanctification and growth.

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of peace and love,
Who from th' imprisoning grave
Restored the shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save;
- 2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make the eternal covenant sure
On which our hopes are built;

- 3 Perfect our souls in every grace
 To accomplish all his will;
 And all that's pleasing in his sight,
 Inspire us to fulfil!
- 4 For the great Mediator's sake
 We every blessing pray;
 With glory let his name be crowned
 Through heaven's eternal day!

GIBBONS.

352

The heavenly guest.

L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a Stranger at the door!
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
 Has waited long, is waiting still:
 You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands;
 Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine;
 Turn out that hateful monster, Sin,
 And let the Heavenly Stranger in.
- 4 Yet know—nor of the terms complain,
 Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign—
 To reign with universal sway:
 Ev'n thoughts must die that disobey.
- 5 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of Peace!
 Oh, may thy gentle reign increase!
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
 And be his empire—all mankind.

GRIGG.

353 *My doctrine shall drop as the rain.* 8.7

- 1 **A**S the dew from heaven distilling,
Gently on the grass descends,
And revives it, thus fulfilling
What thy providence intends;
Let thy doctrine, Lord! so gracious,
Thus descending from above,
Blest by Thee, prove efficacious
To fulfil thy work of love.
- 2 Lord! behold thy congregation;
Precious promises fulfil;
From thy holy habitation,
Let the dew of life distil:
Let our cry come up before thee,
Sweetest influence shed around;
So thy people shall adore thee,
And confess the joyful sound.

354 *Prayer for grace, love, and union.* 8.7.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

NEWTON.

355 *The dismissal.* 8.7.—11.12

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us all depart in peace;
Still on gospel manna feeding,
Pure seraphic joys increase.

Fill each breast with consolation,
Up to thee our voices raise ;
When we reach thy blissful station
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.
And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,
For ever and ever, hallelujah, Amen.

356

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word ;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

HART.

V. MISSIONARY AND PRAYER MEETINGS.

357

The commission.

L. M.

- 1 **G**O, heralds of the gospel go,
To every land the tidings bear ;
Let all the tribes of Adam know
The gracious Saviour you declare.
- 2 Proclaim the cross, O lift it high !
And bid the world find refuge there ;
While shouts of myriads rend the sky,
And heaven and earth the blessings share.
- 3 Arise and reign, thou King of kings,
Assert thy universal sway ;
Till earth subdued its tribute brings,
And distant regions all obey.

358 *Invitation to propagate the gospel.* L. M.

- 1 **G**O, favoured Britons, and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found ;
Publish his ever precious name
To all the wondering nations round.
- 2 Go, tell the unlettered wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring a freedom bought with blood,
The blood of an incarnate God.
- 3 Go, tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—with a refreshing stream
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell the distant isles afar,
That lie in darkness and the grave,
You come—a glorious light to shew
You come—their souls to seek and save.
- 5 Go, tell on India's golden shores,
Of a rich treasure, more refined :
And tell them, though they'll scarce believe,
You come—the friend of human kind.
- 6 Say, the religion you profess,
Is all benevolence and love ;
And by its own divine effects,
Its heavenly origin will prove.

VOKR.

359 *Encouragement to Missionaries.* S. M.

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey ;
Arise ! and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose ;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success—
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless. VOKE.
-

360 *Exhortation to answer the call of the heathen
for help.* 7.6.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand ;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;—
223

The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN.

361

The Missionary's departure.

L. M.

GO, Messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night:
Like Gabriel, sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

- 2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Rich as the dews from morning's womb.

- 3 Go, to the hungry food impart,
To paths of peace the wanderer guide;
And lead the thirsty panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.

- 4 Go, bid the bright and morning star,
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom, afar
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
- 5 To India's various castes proclaim
The gospel's soft, but powerful voice;
And, at the blest Redeemer's name,
Let ocean's lonely isles rejoice.
- 6 Proclaim salvation's joyful sound,—
The deaf with new delight shall hear;
Tell them the Saviour binds each wound,
And wipes the penitential tear.
- 7 Though thou art weak, the Lord is strong;
He will confirm thy feeble arm;
His servants shall not suffer wrong,
Nor wrath of man his prophets harm.
- 8 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name, by every tongue confest;
His praise, the universal theme.
- 9 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.
- 10 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From Him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

BALFOUR.

362

The Missionary.

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the ambassador divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

- 2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal,
To earth's remotest ends.
- 3 No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathes the voice
In which the God appears.
- 4 By his kind hand, the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.
- 5 The onward progress of his zeal,
Shall never know decline:
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine!

LOGAN.

363

A prayer for Missions.

L. M.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nations shake!
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.
- 2 O send ten thousand heralds forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
To blow the trump of Jubilee,
And peace proclaim from sea to sea.
- 3 Thus may the gospel's joyful sound
Reach to the earth's remotest bound;
Until Messiah's kingdom come,
And the elect be gathered home.

364

Prayer for Missionaries.

C. M

- 1 **G**REAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine ;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freedmen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
A dark bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace ?
- 6 Haste, sovereign mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love ;
Softens the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove !
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each sincere attempt
To spread the gospel's rays ;
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

GIBBONS.

365 *A Missionary departing to his station. C. M.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door,
His various efforts bless ;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.
- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind,
Supply his every need ;
Make him in spirit meek, resigned—
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace ;
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.
- 5 Then followed by a numerous train,
Gathered from heathen lands,
A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

LAWSON

366

Thy kingdom come.

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR Father, high enthroned above,
With boundless glory crowned,
Thou source of life, display thy love
To every nation round.
- 2 O be thy will on earth obeyed,
As 'tis obeyed above ;
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love ;

- 3 Erect thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its power abroad;
'Till all thy chosen millions sing
The praises of their God.

367 *All nations exhorted to praise God.* C. M.

- 1 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.
- 2 Through all the earth the nations round
Shall Thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their rapt'rous praise
Of thy great name express.

BRADY.

368 *Church's increase promised.* C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run?
- 2 "Ask, and I'll give the heathen lands
"For thine inheritance;
"And to the world's remotest shores
"Thine empire shall advance."
- 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne?
- 4 [Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues
Under the expanse of heav'n
To the dominion of thy Son.
Without exception giv'n?]

5 From east to west, from north to south,
 Then be his name ador'd;—
 Europe, with all thy millions, shout
 Hosannas to the Lord!

6 Asia, and Africa, resound
 From shore to shore his fame;
 And thou, America, in songs
 Redeeming love proclaim!

GIBBONS.

369 *Prayer for the enlargement of God's kingdom.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**O bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine;
- 2 That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known:
 Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join,
 To celebrate thy fame,
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing
 With joy and pious mirth:
 For thou, the righteous judge and king,
 Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then shall the teeming ground
 A large increase disclose;
 And we with plenty shall be crowned,
 Which God, our God, bestows.

- 6 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings shower ;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless power.

BRADY AND TATE.

370

Kingdom of Christ

6.8.

- 1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God !
 The wondrous things foretold
 Of Thee, in sacred writ,
 With joy our eyes behold :
 Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
 And monuments of glory rear.
- 2 To Thee the hoary head,
 Its silver honours pays ;
 To Thee the blooming youth
 Devotes his brightest days :
 And every age their tribute bring,
 And bow to Thee, all-conquering King.
- 3 O haste, victorious Prince,
 That glorious happy day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway :
 O may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies !
- 4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Eternal be thy reign :
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear thy gentle chain :
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

SCOTT.

371 *Increase of Christ's kingdom.* L. M.

- 1 **S**HOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns ;
Through distant lands his triumphs spread ;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 Gentiles and Jews shall him obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And unconstrained their homage pay
To their exalted Lord and King.
- 4 Oh may his conquests still increase,
And every foe his arm subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

DEDDOME.

372 *Christ the light of the world.* C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET is the light of opening day
That shines on all mankind ;
But sweeter far the Saviour's ray
Illuminates the mind.
- 2 Dark is the night of clouds, wherein
Nor moon nor stars appear ;
But darker far the night of sin
Of error, doubt, and fear.

- 3 His Spirit from the mental eye
 The vicious film removes ;
 And then the day-spring from on high,
 The soul beholds and loves.

RYLAND.

373

The triumphs of Messiah.

8.8.6.

- 1 **P**ROPHETIC era ! blissful day !
 . We catch thy warm inspiring ray,
 Which gleams o'er India's plains ;
 We hail the dawn of morning light
 That breaks upon the gloomy night,
 Where superstition reigns.
- 2 We hasten thy advance to meet ;
 With vivid joy the sign we greet,
 That brightens in the sky,—
 The peaceful sign of heavenly love,
 Which, like the holy mystic dove,
 Declares Messiah nigh.
- 3 Behold ! he comes in triumph now :
 Before him see the mountains bow,
 And all the valleys rise :
 He comes, with majesty and grace,
 To sanctify the human race,
 And raise them to the skies.
- 4 We'll aid thy triumphs, mighty King !
 The glories of thy cross we'll sing,
 And shout salvation round ;
 Till every nation, every land,
 From Greenland's shore to Afric's strand
 Shall echo back the sound.

- 5 Let earth commence the lofty praise ;
 Let heaven prolong th' enraptured lays ;
 Swell every tuneful lyre :
 Bright seraphs ! chaunt th' immortal song.
 And pour the bounding notes along,
 From heaven's eternal choir.
-

374 *The Spirit accompanying the word of God. L. M.*

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God
 In all thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order in thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with might,
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet ;
 Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
 The triumphs of the cross record ;
 The name of Jesus glorify,
 Till every kindred call him Lord.
- 6 God from eternity hath willed,
 All flesh shall his salvation see ;
 So be the Father's love fulfilled,
 The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
 Thee.

MONTCOMERY.

375 *Stone cut out of the mountain.* L. M.)

- 1 **E**XERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
 Jesus, thou everlasting King !
 The influence of thy crown increase,
 And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 [We long to see that happy time,
 That dear, expected, blissful day,
 When countless myriads of our race
 The second Adam shall obey.]
- 3 The prophecies must be fulfilled,
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose .
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,
 Though unobserved, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the blended image fall,
 (Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,)
 And superstition's gloomy reign
 To light and liberty give way.
- 5 In one vast symphony of praise,
 Gentile and Jew shall then unite ;
 And infidelity, ashamed,
 Sink in the abyss of endless night.
- 6 Afric's emancipated sons,
 Shall join with Europe's polished race,
 To celebrate, in different tongues,
 The glories of redeeming grace.
- 7 From east to west, from north to south,
 Immanuel's kingdom shall extend ;
 And every man, in every face,
 Shall meet a brother and a friend.

VOKL.

376

Spread of the gospel. 8.7.—4.7.

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look my soul, be still, and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace :
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption
Freely purchased, win the day.
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
On their grossest darkness dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name,
O'er the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's land.
- 5 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase ;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

377 *Prayer for the spread of the gospel.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to intreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not sworn to give thy Son
To be a light to Gentile lands
To open the benighted eye,
And loose the wretched prisoner's bands?
- 4 Hast thou not said, from sea to sea
His vast dominions shall extend?
That every tongue shall call him Lord,
And every knee before him bend?
- 5 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come:
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished children home.

VOKE.

378 *Triumphs of the Saviour.* C. M.

- 1 **G**O forth, ye saints, behold your Lord,
With radiant glory crowned;
The wondrous progress of his word
Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honoured there.

379 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The victories he has won;
Oh may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run.
- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,
And millions more subdue;
Destroy our unbelief and pride,
And we will crown thee too. BEDDOME.

379

Christ victorious.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, go on,—
The glorious day will soon be won;
Thine enemies will quickly flee,
And leave a conquered world to thee.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, victorious chief!
The captive sinner's sole relief;
Cast the usurper from his throne,
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Thy footsteps, Lord, with joy we trace,
And mark the conquests of thy grace;
Finish the work thou hast begun,
And let thy will on earth be done.
- 4 Then shall contending nations rest,
For love shall reign in every breast;
Weapons, for war designed, shall cease,
And yield to implements of peace.

SAUNTLETT'S COL.

380

Jubilee.

7s.

- 1 **H**ARK the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

Hallelujah, for the Lord
 God Omnipotent shall reign;
 Hallelujah, let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah! hark the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed his sword, he speaks, 'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 • Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll,
 Yonder heavens are passed away.
 Then the end—beneath his rod
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah, Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

MONTGOMERY.

381 *The happy reign of Messiah. 8.7.—4.7*

- 1 **L**ET us sing the King Messiah.
 King of righteousness and peace;
 Hail him, all his happy subjects,
 Never let his praises cease:
 Ever hail him,
 Never let his praises cease.
- 2 How transcendant are thy glories,
 Fairer than the sons of men:
 While thy blessed mediation
 Brings us back to God again:
 Blest Redeemer,
 How we triumph in thy reign!

- 3 Gird thy sword on, mighty Hero !
 Make the word of truth thy car !
 Prosper in thy course majestic !
 All success attend thy war !
 Gracious Victor,
 Let mankind before Thee bow !
- 4 Majesty, combined with meekness,
 Righteousness and peace unite ;
 To insure thy blessed conquests,
 On, great Prince, assert thy right !
 Ride triumphant,
 All around the conquered globe !
- 5 Blest are all that touch thy sceptre ;
 Blest are all that own thy reign ;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants -
 Rescued from its galling cham :
 Saints and angels,
 All who know Thee, bless thy reign.

MYLAND.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, th' expected time draw near,
 The shades disperse, the dawn appear ;
 The barren wilderness assume
 The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 Events, with prophecies, conspire
 To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :
 The ripening fields, already white,
 Present a harvest to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know
 The joy the gospel will bestow ;
 The exiled slave waits to receive
 The freedom Jesus has to give.

- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part,
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
- 5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne.
- 6 From eastern to the western skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
"And Tyre and Egypt, Greek and Jew,"
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

VOKE.

383

Latter day glory.

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sacred joy survey
The glories of the latter day;
Its dawn already seems begun,
Sure earnest of the rising sun.
- 2 The friends of truth assembled stand,
(A chosen, consecrated band)
The standard of the cross display,
And cry aloud, "Behold the way."
- 3 The north "gives up;" the south no more
"Keeps back" her consecrated store;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.
- 4 Auspicious dawn! thy rising ray
With joy we view, and hail the day:
Thou sun arise, supremely bright,
And fill the world with purest light.

384

The time to favour Zion.

C. M.

1 **N**OW let the slumbering church awake,
 And shine in bright array :
 Thy chains, O captive daughter, break ;
 And cast thy bonds away.

2 Long hast thou lain in dust supine,
 Insulted by thy foes :
 "Where is," they cried, "that God of thine ?
 And who regards thy woes ?"

3 Thy God incarnate on his hands
 Beholds thy name engraved .
 Still unrevoked his promise stands,
 And Zion shall be saved.

4 He did but wait the fittest time
 His mercy to display ;
 And now he rides on clouds sublime,
 And brings the promised day.

5 Thy God for thee shall soon appear,
 And end thy mourning days ;
 Salvation's walls around thee rear,
 And fill thy gates with praise.

BYLAND.

385

Restoration of the Jews.

C. M.

1 **F**OUNTAIN of truth, and grace, and power.
 Thy word can ne'er decay ;
 But firmly fixed, shall still endure,
 When worlds are passed away.

- 2 O smile propitious, while we dare
The promises to plead,
Which thy own sacred pages bear
To faithful Abram's seed.
- 3 Hast thou far off thy people cast,
For ever to remain?
Wilt thou not, Lord, return at last,
And visit them again?
- 4 Yes, thou hast passed thy royal word, —
Nor canst thyself deny,—
That Jacob's race shall be restored
To favour and to joy.
- 5 Hasten, O Lord, the happy hour
When this shall be fulfilled;
And thy dear Son, with mighty power,
To Israel be revealed.
- 6 Then Jew and Gentile shall combine
Immanuel's name to praise;
And sound his mercy, all divine,
To everlasting days.

LAWSON.

386

Praise for the fulfilment of prophecy.

C. M.

- 1 **L**O! former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, expected still,
Shall be accomplished too.
- 2 Then hail, the kingdom of the Lord!
Let earth his praise resound;
And they who on the ocean dwell,
Fill all the isles around.

- 3 O city of the Lord ! begin
 The universal song ;
 And let the scattered villages
 The joyful notes prolong.
- 4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
 Lift up the lonely voice ;
 And let the tenants of the rock
 With accent rude rejoice.
- 5 O from the streams of distant lands
 Unto Jehovah sing !
 And joyful, from the mountains' tops,
 Shout to the Lord the King !
- 6 Let all combined with one accord
 The Saviour's glories raise ;
 Till in remotest bounds of earth
 The nations sound his praise.

LOGAN.

At a collection for Missionary purposes.

C. M.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys which cannot die
 With God laid up in store ;
 Treasures beyond the changing sky,
 Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love
 Have scattered here below,
 In the fair fertile fields above
 To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give
 At Jesus' feet I lay ;
 Grace shall the humble gift receive,
 Abounding grace repay

388 -

Social worship.

S.S.6.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three together meet,
 My love and mercy to repeat,
 And tell what I have done,
 There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
 And every burdened soul redress,
 Who worships at my throne."
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
 Speak to each heart some cheering word,
 To set the spirit free ;
 Impart a kind celestial shower,
 And grant that we may spend an hour
 In fellowship with thee.

KENT.

389

Prayer meeting.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HERE two or three with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise ;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be
 Amid this little company ;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word ;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly love.
- 4 Then shall we praise the God of grace,
 Who brought our footsteps to this place ;
 For prayer and praise with sins forgiven,
 Bring down to earth the bliss of heaven.

STENNETT.

390 *The favour of God desired.* C. M.

1 **E**TERNAL source of joys divine,
 To Thee my soul aspires ;
 O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
 'Tis all my soul desires.

2 Thy smile can give me real joy
 Unmingled and refined ;
 Substantial bliss, without alloy,
 And lasting as the mind.

3 My hope, my trust, my life, my Lord,
 Assure me of thy love ;
 O speak the kind transporting word .
 And bid my fears remove.

4 Then shall my thankful powers rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 Till heavenly raptures tune my voice
 To spread thy praise abroad.

STEELE.

391 *The close of a prayer meeting.* 7s.

1 **I**F 'tis sweet to mingle where
 Christians meet for social prayer ;
 If 'tis sweet with them to raise
 Songs of holy joy and praise,—
 Passing sweet that state must be
 Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove,
 Preparations for above ;
 While we worship in this place,
 May we go from grace to grace ;
 Till we, each in his degree,
 Meet for endless glory be.

V. CHRISTIAN ORDINANCES

I. BAPTISM.

392 *The commission to baptize.* L. M.

- 1 **'E**RE Christ ascended to his throne,
He issued forth this great command—
Go preach my gospel to the world,
And spread my name through every land.
- 2 To men declare their sinful state,
The methods of my grace explain;
He that believes and is baptized,
Shall everlasting life obtain.
- 3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,
Not of constraint, but with delight
Hither thy servants come to-day,
To honour thine appointed rite.
- 4 Descend again, celestial Dove,
On these dear followers of the Lord;
Exalted Head of all the church,
Thy promised aid to them afford.
- 5 Let faith, assisted now by signs,
The mysteries of thy love explore;
And, washed in thy redeeming blood,
Let them depart, and sin no more.

BEDDOME.

393 *The commission observed.* 8.7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee:

- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave. .
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue ;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

FELLOWS.

394

A baptismal hymn.

L. M.

- 1 **S**EE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod !
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God !
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire,
Clothed in the Saviour's righteousness,
They shine in beautiful attire.
- 3 O sacred rite ! on thee impressed,
The image of our death we view :
Emerging from the opening wave,
We see our resurrection too.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men :
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud Amen.

STENNETT.

395

The Redeemer's example.

C. M.

- 1 **B**URIED beneath the yielding wave,
The dear Redeemer lies ;
Faith views him in the watery grave,
And thence beholds him rise.

- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day,
 Their ardent zeal t' express;
 And in the Lord's appointed way,
 Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,
 And would his cause maintain,
 Like him be numbered with the dead,
 And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,
 And drives our fears away;
 When he commands, and strength imparts,
 We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee
 Our grateful voices raise;
 Washed in the fountain of thy blood,
 Our lives shall all be praise.

BEDDOME.

396 *Christians buried and risen with Christ.*

G. M.

- 1 **B**APTIZED into our Saviour's death,
 Our souls to sin must die;
 With Christ our Lord we live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.
- 2 There, by his Father's side he sits,
 Enthroned divinely fair;
 Yet owns himself our brother still,
 And our forerunner there.
- 3 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
 On wings of faith and love;
 Above our choicest treasure lies,—
 And be our hearts above.

397, 398 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 4 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

DODDRIDGE.

397 *Obedience to Christ in baptism.* C. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR! we seek the watery tomb,
Illumed by love divine;
Far from the deep tremendous gloom
Of that which once was thine.
- 2 Down to the hallowed grave we go,
Obedient to thy word;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in:
O may we rise to life anew,
And only die to sin.

398 *Prayer for a blessing on the ordinance*
C. M.

- 1 HOW great, how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel, as once we felt,
When pained and grieved at heart,
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look
Relieved our keenest smart.
- 3 Let graces then in exercise
Be exercised again;
And, nurtured by celestial power,—
In exercise remain.

4. Awake our fear; our love, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy:
Vain world, be gone : let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee our Saviour and our God
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious rival lust,
Each traitor, from the throne.
- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
To heaven our passions raise;
That hence our lives, our all, may be
Devoted to thy prasse.

BEUDOME.

399

Jesus baptized in Jordan.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O Jordan's stream the Saviour goes,
To do his Father's will;
His breast with sacred ardour glows,
Each precept to fulfil.
- 2 Behold him buried in the flood,
(The emblem of his grave)
Who from the bosom of his God,
Came down, a world to save.
- 3 As from the water he ascends,
What miracles appear!
God with a voice his Son commends—
Let all the nations hear!
- 4 Hear it, ye christians, and rejoice;
Let this your courage raise:
What God approves, be this your choice,
And glory in his ways.

DEACON.

400 *Baptism divinely honoured.* L. M.

- 1 **A**LL glory be to him who came
From Galilee to Jordan's stream,
There did he sink beneath the wave,
And to his saints a pattern gave.
- 2 Glory to him, who from on high
Proclaimed to all, both far and nigh,
That he in whom his glory shone,
Was his beloved and only Son.
- 3 Glory to the celestial dove,
Who, swift descending from above,
Rested upon Messiah's head,
And there a heavenly lustre spread.
- 4 Ye saints, with cheerfulness submit
To this mysterious solemn rite,
On which the sacred Three combine
To put an honour so divine.

REDDOME.

401 *The believer constrained by the love of Christ
to follow him.* C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and will thy pardoning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed
That's worthy of my God?

- 4 Dear Lord, thy condescending love
 Reproves my cold delays ;
 And now my willing footsteps move
 In thy delightful ways.

FELLOWS.

402

A baptismal hymn.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the lost to seek and save
 Went humbly down from Jordan's shore
 To find a tomb beneath its wave.
- 2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 All righteousness," he meekly said ;
 Why should we then to do his will
 Or be ashamed, or be afraid ?
- 3 With thee into thy watery tomb,
 Lord, 'tis our glory to descend :
 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room
 To lie interred by such a friend.
- 4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
 To let us see the light again,
 So, on the resurrection day,
 The bands of death proved weak and vain.
- 5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
 The gates of death shall open wide ;
 Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
 And rise and triumph at thy side.

STENNETT

403

Not ashamed of Christ.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man asham'd of Thee ?
 Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless day-

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—Sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—Just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus!—Yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!
- 7 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws. GRS

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the Eunuch, when baptized,
Went on his way with joy;
And who can tell what rapturous thoughts
Did then his mind employ?
- 2 Is that most glorious Saviour mine,
Of whom I lately read?
Who, bearing all my sins and griefs,
Was numbered with the dead?

- 3 Is He, who left the lonesome grave,
 Who reigns above the sky,
 My Advocate before the throne,
 My portion when I die?
- 4 Have I professed his holy name?
 Do I his gospel bear
 To Ethiopia's scorched lands,
 And shall I spread it there?
- 5 Blest emblem of that precious blood,
 Which satisfied for sin;
 And of that renovating grace
 Which makes the conscience clean.
- 6 This pattern, Lord! with sacred joy,
 Help us to keep in view;
 The same our work, the same shall be
 Our consolation too.

BEDDOME.

405

Self-devotion.

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the eternal King,
 So mean a gift reward?
 That offering, Lord, with joy we bring,
 Which thine own hand prepared.
- 2 We own thy various claims,
 And to thine altar move,
 The willing victims of thy grace,
 And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire,
 The sacrifice inflame;
 So shall a grateful odour rise
 Through our Redeemer's name.

DODDRIDGE.

406, 407, 408 THE NEW SELECTION.

406

Difficulties surmounted.

C. M.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duties and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

RYLAND.

407

God's appointed ways.

SUCH are our God's appointed ways,
Where walked the saints in ancient days;
A path divine th' apostles trod,
And honoured by the Son of God.

E. JONES.

408

Before baptism.

C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM the still flood, where faith indeed
The Saviour's voice can hear,
Let each unhallowed foot recede
While she alone draws near.

- 2 To her dissolving eye revealed,
Fair shines the liquid grave
That Jesus' holy form concealed,
When humbled in the wave.
- 3 Taught by his dear expiring breath,
She bids her children come,
And take the image of his death,
Within the watery tomb.
- 4 Though but the semblance of his woes
Their prostrate bodies bear,
All the large bliss which from them flows,
Their glowing souls shall share!
- 5 Yes—ye who love his mystic grave
Shall brighter deeps explore,
Embosomed in the radiant wave
That rolls on glory's shore!

409

After baptism.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared,
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race;
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

JAMES NEWTON.

410

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **'T**IS done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

- 2 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?
- 3 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear

DODDRIDGE.

411

A baptizing hymn.

C. M.

- 1 'TIS the great Father we adore
In this baptismal sign;
'Tis he whose voice on Jordan's shore
Proclaimed the Son divine.
- 2 The Father hailed him! let our breath
In answering praise ascend,
As in the image of his death
We own our buried friend.
- 3 We seek the consecrated grave,
Along the path he trod,
Receive us in the hallowed wave
Thou holy Son of God.
- 4 Blest Spirit, with intense desire,
Solicitous we bow;
Baptize us with renewing fire,
And ratify the vow.
- 5 Let earth and heaven our zeal record,
And future witness bear;
That we to Zion's mighty Lord
Our full allegiance swear.
- 5 O that our conscious souls may own,
With joy's serene survey,
Inscribed upon his judgment throne
The transcript of this day.

412

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Jordan prophet cries to-day,
 "Behold the Lamb of God;"
 The Spirit's consecrating ray
 Still lingering o'er the flood.
- 2 Before the symbol wave we bend,
 And shed contrition's tear,
 And own again our buried friend.
 And learn his sorrows here.
- 3 Saviour, within this shadowy tomb,
 Let us the glory see,
 Which pierced the deep unearthly gloom
 Of that which closed on thee.
- 4 Pure as thine own baptismal sign,
 So let our faith arise,
 To live that hidden life of thine--
 That life which never dies

II. LORD'S SUPPER.

413 *Desiring suitable affections at the Lord's
 supper.* L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! while around thy board we meet,
 And humbly worship at thy feet,
 O let our warm affections move
 In glad returns of grateful love.
- 2 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
 To see thy wondrous love displayed,
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

- 3 Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish flow ;
 And thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

STERLE.

414 *Invitation to the gospel feast.* L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread ?
 And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ?
 Hither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy sweetness know.
- 2 Hail ! sacred feast which Jesus makes !
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood ;
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain,
 Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
 Was not for you the victim slain,
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 Lord, let thy table honoured be,
 And furnished well with joyful guests
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared ;
 With hearts inflamed let all attend ;
 Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.
- 6 Give thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live ;
 More of that energy afford
 A Saviour's blood alone can give. BRADY.

415 *The surprising grace of the Saviour. C. M.*

- 1 **L**ORD ! at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace ;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place ;—
- 2 I that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God ;
I that have crucified his Son,
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room !
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 “Eat, O my friends,” the Saviour cries,
“The feast was made for you ;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too.”
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love ;
’Tis a rich banquet we have had ;
What will it be above !
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your praising powers ;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I’d give them all to Thee ;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

STENNETT.

416 *Desire that all may partake.* L. M

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day
 On which our dearest Lord was slain;
 Thus we our pious homage pay,
 Till he appear on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
 The curtains of the parting sky;
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
 And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
 Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts;
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
 As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
 There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
 Subdue the rebels by thy word,
 And claim the nations for thy own.

STENNETT.

417 *Christ's love to his people.* L. M.

- 1 **S**O fair a face bedewed with tears!
 What beauty e'en in grief appears!
 He wept, he bled, he died for you;
 What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthroned above, with equal glow,
 His strong affections downward flow,
 In our distress he bears a part,
 And shows his sympathising heart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
 He knows the frailty of our frame;
 Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
 'Heals all our sorrows and our pains.

- 4 What pity dwelt within his breast,
 Pity, by flowing tears exprest !
 Oh may those tears our griefs remove,
 Which speak so loud a Saviour's love !

BEDDOME.

418

The wonders of redemption.

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
 The Sovereign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise ?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 (Surprising mercy ! love unknown !)
 To suffer, bleed, and die,
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffered in his stead ;
 For man, (O miracle of grace !)
 For man the Saviour bled !
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood !
 By this are sinners snatched from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus ! my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free ;
 And may I hope that love extends
 Its sacred power to me ?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
 For favours so divine ?
 O take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.

. STAYLE.

419

Grateful remembrance.

C. M.

1 **R**EMEMBER Thee! remember Christ!

While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of life,
Who saves us by his grace?

2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those for whom, on earth,
He heaved his dying groan.

3 The promised joy he then obtained,
When he ascended hence,
Up from the grave, to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince?

4 His glory now, no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell:
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell.

5 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquished death;
For this he pleads in heaven.

6 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky.
Your grateful praise to give:
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

WARDLAW.

420

The same.

C. M.

1 **I**F human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

- 2 O ! shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him who died our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's woe ?
- 3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
 Those pangs he would not flee,
 What love his latest words displayed,
 'Meet, and remember me !
- 4 Remember Thee ! thy death, thy shame,
 Our worthless hearts to share !
 O mem'ry, leave no other name
 But His, recorded there !

JOEL.

421 *An invitation to the gospel feast.* C. M.

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls, he bids you come :
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
 But see, there yet is room—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart ;
 There love and pity meet ;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart
 That trembles at his feet.
- 4 In him the Father reconciled
 Invites your souls to come ;
 The rebel shall be called a child,
 And kindly welcomed home.
- 5 O come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love ;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.

- 6 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before the eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
 Approach, there yet is room.

STABLE.

422

Invitation urged.

L. M.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of Zion, ye who sing
 The lofty praises of your King;
 Who in his solemn temple dwell,
 And of his boundless glory tell;
- 2 Call to the converts at your gate:
 Why should they longer lingering wait?
 Why should they longer fear or doubt?
 Why should they longer stay without?
- 3 Gently reprove them for delay;
 In softest language chide their stay;
 Strive with your songs their hearts to win:
 'Ye blessed of the Lord, come in!'
- 4 'Come in, ye blessed of the Lord,
 Ye that believe his holy word;
 Come! and receive our heavenly bread,
 The food with which his saints are fed.
- 5 'Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
 And feast on his redeeming love:
 Come! all ye happy souls that thirst;
 The last is welcome as the first.
- 6 'Come to his table, and receive
 Whate'er a pard'ning God can give:
 His love through every age endures;
 His promise, and himself are yours.'

423

Room at the gospel feast.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE king of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life, are given;
 And the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come;
 Nor could the wide, assembled world
 O'er-fill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

DODDRAIDGE.

424

Lord's supper.

7s.

- 1 **B**BREAD of Heaven! on thee I feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed.
 Ever may my soul be fed
 With this true and living bread;
 Day by day with strength supplied,
 I'rough the life of him who died

- 2 Vine of Heaven ! thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice.
 Tis thy wounds my healing give :
 To thy cross I look and live.
 Thou my life ! Oh, let me be
 Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.

CONDER.

425 "*This do in remembrance of me.*" C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
 In meek humility,
 This will I do, my dying Lord ;
 I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 The testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane, can I forget ?
 Or there thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,—
 And not remember Thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !
 I must remember Thee :—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
 And all thy love to me ;
 Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
 Will I remember Thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

MONTGOMERY.

VI. CHRISTIAN GRACES AND DUTIES.

426 *Power and excellence of faith.* C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss.
 And saves me from its snares ;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares ;
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God, and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give :
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain ;
- 5 Shews me the precious promise sealed
 With the Redeemer's blood ;
 And helps my feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken, would I rest
 Till this vile body dies ;
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
 At once to glory rise.

TURNER.

427 *Faith the gift of God.* S. M.

- 1 **F**AITH, 'tis a precious grace ;
 Where'er it is bestowed,
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God.

- 2 Jesus it owns as king,
And all-atoning priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 On him it safely leans,
In times of deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Send, Lord, the Spirit of thy Son
To work this faith in me.

BEDDOME.

428

The life of faith.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on Thee,
Its Saviour, and its God.
- 2 By hourly faith in Thee I live,
'Midst all my griefs and snares;
And death, encountered in thy sight,
No form of horror wears.
- 3 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat:
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At its Redeemer's feet.
- 4 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foes without,
That Jesus reigns within.
- 5 My life with his connected stands,
Nor asks a surer ground:
He keeps me in his gracious arms,
Where heaven itself is found.

DODDRIDGE.

429

Diligent exertion.

C. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye ;—
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun ;
And crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down. DODDRIDGE.

430

The prayer of weak faith.

C. M.

- 1 **A** LAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain.
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears.
- 3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid,
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling, and afraid.

- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray,
 From happiness and thee.

STEELER.

431

Weak believers encouraged.

S. M.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take:
 Loud to the praise of love divine,
 Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home,
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heavenly flame;
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
 Subside at his control;
 His loving kindness shall break through
 The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Blest is the man, O God,
 That stays himself on thee!
 Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
 Shall thy salvation see.

TOPLADY

432

Fear of God.

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY, beyond description, he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love :
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright the unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears ;
Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let fear and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine,
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine. •

NEEDHAM.

433

Fruitfulness desired.

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee belong
The thankful heart, the grateful song ;
Touched by thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.
- 2 Thou hast preserved my fleeting breath,
And chased the gloomy shades of death ;
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,
When God, our great deliverer's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care ?
Why does thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which no pleasant fruits are found ?

434, 435 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand !
 And, cultivated by thy hand,
 Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,
 Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord !
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath
 Through life, and in the arms of death
 My soul the pleasant theme prolong,
 Then rise to aid the angelic song.

SCOTT

434

Fruits of righteousness.

C. M.

- 1 **L**IKE trees on Zion's sacred hill,
 The saints in order grow,
 Planted by God, whose care and skill,
 Their laden branches show.
- 2 Watered by heavenly showers, they yield
 A rich and large increase ;
 And every spreading bough is filled
 With fruits of righteousness.
- 3 Like withered branches on the vine,
 Professors oft are found ;
 But saints inspired with grace divine,
 With life and fruit abound.
- 4 Jesus, thou art the vine, and we
 The lesser branches are ;
 Oh may we still abide in thee,
 And fruit abundant bear.

BEDDOME.

435

Gratitude and obedience.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts, delighted, rove
 Amid the wonders of thy love ;
 The sight revives my drooping heart,
 And bids invading fears depart.

- 2 Guilty and weak, to Thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely
And on thy righteousness depend ;
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.
- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise !
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

STEEL.

436 *Grateful review of divine mercies.* C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys :
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my thankful heart !—
But thou canst read it there.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It cleared my dubious way ;
And through the alluring snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 6 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

- 7 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.
- 8 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 9 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

ADDISON.

437 *Grateful recollections—Ebenezer.* 8.7

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing!
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love!
- 3 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 5 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee!

- 6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
 Prone to leave the God I love :
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it !
 Seal it from thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

438

Ebenezer.

7s.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
 With a grateful heart I own,
 Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
 Well I know concerns me not,
 This should set my heart at rest,—
 What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to Thee resign :
 Father, let thy will be mine ;
 May but all thy dealings prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Let my few remaining days
 Be devoted to thy praise ;
 So the last, the closing scene
 Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 5 To thy will I leave the rest,
 Grant me but this one request,
 Both in life and death to prove
 Tokens of thy special love.

FAWCETT.

439

Desiring humility.

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master be
 Rooted in humility ;—

- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child,
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
 Every evil let me flee:
 Nothing want, beneath, above,
 Happy in redeeming love!
- 4 O! that all may seek, and find,
 Every good in Jesus joined!
 Him let Israel still adore,
 'Trust him, praise him evermore!

440

Delight in God.

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD! I would delight in Thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To Thee in every trouble flee,—
 My best, my only friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,
 Thy fulness is the same;
 May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name!
- 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near;—
 A fountain, which will ever run
 With waters sweet and clear?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
 But may be found in Thee;
 I must have all things and abound
 While God is God to me.
- 5 Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil,—
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail!

- 6 He that has made my heaven secure
 Will here all good provide :
 While Christ is rich can I be poor ?
 What can I want beside ?
- 7 O Lord ! I cast my care on Thee ;
 I triumph and adore :
 Henceforth, my great concern shall be
 To love and please Thee more.

RYLAND.

441 *All attainments vain without love.* C. M.

- 1 **S**HOULD bounteous nature kindly pour
 Her richest gifts on me,
 Still, O my God ! I should be poor,
 If void of love to Thee.
- 2 Not shining wit, nor manly sense,
 Could make me truly good :
 Not zeal itself could recompense
 The want of love to God.
- 3 Did I possess the gift of tongues,
 But were denied thy grace ;
 My loudest words, my loftiest songs,
 Would be but sounding brass.
- 4 Though thou shouldst give me heavenly skill
 Each mystery to explain ;
 If I'd no heart to do thy will,
 My knowledge would be vain.
- 5 Had I so strong a faith, my God !
 As mountains to remove ;
 No faith could do me real good,
 That did not work by love.

- 6 Oh! grant me, then, this one request,
 And I'll be satisfied,—
 That love divine may rule my breast,
 And all my actions guide.

STENNETT.

- 1 **T**HOU lovely source of true delight,
 Whom I unseen adore;
 Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
 That I may love thee more.
- 2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
 But in thy sacred word
 I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
 My bleeding, dying Lord.
- 3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
 And sin and sorrow rise,
 Thy love, with cheering beams of hope,
 My fainting heart supplies.
- 4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
 Is clouded o'er with pain;
 My gloomy fears rise dark between,
 And I again complain.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, my life, my light,
 O come with blissful ray:
 Break radiant through the shades of night,
 And chase my fears away.
- 6 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love;
 But the full glories of thy face
 Are only known above.

STEELE.

443 *Profession of love to Christ.* C. M.

1 **A**ND have I, Lord, no love for Thee,
 No passion for thy charms?
 No wish my Saviour's face to see,
 And dwell within his arms?

2 Is there no spark of gratitude
 In this cold heart of mine,
 To Him whose generous bosom glowed
 With friendship all divine?

3 Can I pronounce his charming name,
 His acts of kindness tell;
 And, while I dwell upon the theme,
 No sweet emotion feel?

4 Such base ingratitude as this
 What heart but must detest?
 Sure Christ deserves the noblest place
 In every human breast.

5 A very wretch, Lord! I should prove,
 Had I no love for Thee:
 Rather than not my Saviour love,
 O may I cease to be!

STENNETT.

444 *The pleasures of divine love.* 7s.

1 **H**EAVENLY Father! God of love!
 Look with mercy from above;
 Let thy streams of comfort roll,
 Let them fill and cheer my soul.

2 Love celestial, ardent fire!
 O extreme of sweet desire!
 Spread thy bright, thy gentle flame,
 Swift o'er all my mental frame.

- 3 Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet above the joys of sense
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee.

PARNELL.

445

Divine love.

S.S.6.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ so free!
- 2 Stronger his love than death and hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see,
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God.
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine!
- Be mine this better part!
- 4 O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom's voice!

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down !
 Fix us in thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown :
 Jesus ! thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart !
- 2 Breathe ! O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest ;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come ! almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive !
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave !
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation ;
 Pure, unspotted may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by thee ;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

447

Love to brethren.

S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

448

Brotherly love.

L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, my Saviour and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

- 2 May I from every act abstain,
That hurts or gives my brother pain:
Nay, every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a brother's woe;
And bear a sympathising part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 4 Let love through all my conduct shine
An image fair, though faint, of thine!
And thus may I thy follower prove,
Great Prince of Peace, great God of love!

449

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those, who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word!
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failings hide,
And shew a brother's love.
- 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union strong, and kind esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN

450

Brotherly love.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !
What jealous love, what holy fear !
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from carth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his lovely face :
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When nature droops her sickening fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy—because of love.

BARBAULP.

451

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
When kindred souls in friendship join,
Whose joys and cares united meet,
In bands of amity divine.
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment poured
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy sweets, profusely showered,
Down to his sacred vesture spread

- 3 Not flowery Hermon e'er displayed,
 (Impearl'd with dew,) a fairer sight:
 Nor Sion's beauteous hills, array'd
 In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
 His kindest gifts, a heavenly store;
 With life immortal crowns their heads,
 When earth's frail comforts please no more

STEELE.

452

Brotherly love.

C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET is the love, that mutual glows
 Within each brother's breast;
 And binds in gentlest bonds each heart,
 All blessing, and all blest:
- 2 Sweet as the odorous balsam poured
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Which o'er his beard, and down his vest,
 A breathing fragrance shed:
- 3 Like morning dews on Sion's mount,
 That spread their silver rays,
 And deck with gems the verdant pomp
 Which Hermon's top displays.
- 4 To such the Lord of life and love
 His blessing shall extend:
 On earth a life of joy and peace,
 And life that ne'er shall end.

DR. G. GREGORY.

453

The unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE glorious universe around,
 The heavens with all their train,
 Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
 In one mysterious chain.

- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
 To form one world agree,
 Where all that walk, or swim, or fly
 Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
 His wisdom and his might,
 While all his works with all his ways
 Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
 One fellowship of mind
 The saints below and saints above
 Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
 Thy statutes are their song;
 There, through one bright, eternal age,
 Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
 Of that thrice happy whole,
 Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
 Its life from Thee the Soul.

MONTGOMERY.

454

Communion of saints.

S. M.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
 The christian world o'erspread,
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free
 Are one in Christ their head:
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Let bitterness and wrath
 Be banished far away;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.

- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
 And every heart is love.

BEDDOME.

455

The good Samaritan.

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, send thy grace
 All powerful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising breasts
 That generous pleasure know,
 Kindly to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
 When throned above the skies,
 And 'midst the embraces of his God,
 He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground,
 And made the richest of his blood
 A balm for every wound.

DODDRIDGE.

456

Universal benevolence.

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain;

- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 A stranger's woes to feel,
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms,
 To every child of grief;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.

BARBAUD.

457

Resolving to serve the Lord. L. M.

- 1 **A**H, wretched souls who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 May I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy,
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 5 O may I never faint or tire,
 Nor wandering leave his sacred ways!
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

458

Submission.

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD! my best desires fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at thy gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey thro'
Thou art engaged to grant:
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both;
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth?
- 6 But, ah! my inmost spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud, that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away. COWPER.

459

Perseverance.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear:
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.
- 2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

460, 461 THE NEW SELECTION.

- 3 Be thou my all-sufficient Friend,
Till all my toils shall cease :
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

460

Anxious to persevere.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas what numbers do !)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast ;
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God ;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart :
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

NEWTON.

461

Final perseverance.

C. M

- 1 **R**EJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his word,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm ;
Your life is hid with Christ, in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near ;
A guide, a glory, a defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

NEWTON.

462 *Establishment in religion from the God of all
grace.* C. M.

- 1 **H**OW rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various and divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.
- 3 Jesus, the herald of his love,
Displays the radiant prize ;
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

- 4 He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays;
Till firm and fair the building rise
A temple to his praise.
- 5 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end. DODDRIDGE.

463

The poor in Spirit blessed.

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more;
Let faith survey your future store:
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest.
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points, to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride;
In vain they boast their little stores;
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*!—
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And every wish hath full supplies.—
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away;
The state, which power and truth sustain,
Unmoved for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

- 7 Jesus, to Thee I breathe my prayer !
 Reveal, confirm my interest there :
 Whate'er my humble lot below,
 This, this, my soul desires to know !
- 8 Oh, let me hear that voice divine
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine
 Enrolled among thy happy poor,—
 My largest wishes ask no more.

STEELE.

464

Exhortation to praise God.

7s.

- 1 **A**LL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,
 All ye lands, your voices raise :
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
 Praise the Lord, for ever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past, and present, and to be ;
 Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.
- 3 Praise Him, ye who know his love,
 Praise Him from the depths beneath,
 Praise Him in the heights above ;
 Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

MONTGOMERY.

465

The same.

7s.

- 1 **L**ET us with a joyful mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Let us sound his name abroad,
 For of Gods he is the God ;
 Who by wisdom did create
 The heavens high, and all their state :

- 3 Did the solid earth ordain
How to rise above the main ;
Who, by his commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light :
- 4 Caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 5 All his creatures God does feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
- 6 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye ;
And his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

MILTON.

466

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 By his almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was reared ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.
- 3 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure :
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.
- 4 How happy then are they, to whom
The Lord our God is known ;
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own.

- 5 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

BRADY AND TATE.

467 *Divine mercies in constant succession.* S. M.

- 1 **H**OW various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall thy mercies shew—
Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined
Awaited that blest day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chased our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then!
How sovereign and how free!
Our souls that had been dead in sin
Were made alive to thee.

STENNETT.

468 *Praise for daily mercies.* 8.7

- 1 **W**E'LL proclaim the wondrous story
Of the mercies we receive,
From the day-spring's dawning glory,
Till the fading hour of eve.

2 All the blessings heaven is lending,
 We'll extol in grateful lays;
 To his radiant throne ascending,
 Wafted on the wings of praise.

3 In exalted rapture joining,
 We'll employ our happy days;
 All our grateful hearts combining,
 To declare his endless praise.

469 *Praising God through the whole of our
 existence.* L. M.

1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days,
 My grateful powers shall sound thy
 praise;
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chained to flesh no more,
 With what glad accents shall I rise,
 To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
 Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
 And emulate, with joy unknown,
 The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

- 6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
 Long as a deathless soul can live ;
 A work so sweet, a theme so high,
 Demands, and crowns eternity.

DODDRIDGE.

470 *Praise to God in life and death.* C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God !
 Through all my mortal days ;
 And to eternity prolong
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
 Be this my sweet employ :
 Devotion heightens all my bliss,
 And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress,
 Invades my throbbing breast,
 My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
 And soothe my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honours of my God ;
 My life with all my active powers
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
 When death shall close these eyes,
 Then shall my soul to nobler heights
 Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 Then shall my powers in endless strains
 Their grateful tribute pay :
 The theme demands an angel's tongue,
 And an eternal day.

HEGINBOTHAM

471

Praise to the God of nature

C. M.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the lofty strain
 In solemn accents sing
 A sacred hymn of grateful praise
 To heaven's almighty King.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.
- 3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding caves
 Return it oft again.
- 4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide-extended world
 The lofty theme convey.
- 5 Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the evening skies.
- 6 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the crystal vault,
 To every bounding strain.
- 7 Long let it warble round the spheres,
 And echo through the sky,
 Let angels with immortal skill
 Improve the harmony.
- 8 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fired
 The great Creator sing,
 And utter consecrated lays
 To heaven's eternal King.

MRS. ROWE

472 *Praise, the peculiar duty of man.* C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the world's majestic frame!
Stupendous are thy ways;
Thy various works declare thy name,
And all resound thy praise.
- 2 The heavens thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light,
The splendid sun that rules the day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise Thee as they roll;
- 4 O shall not we of human race
The glorious concert join?
Shall not the children of thy grace
Attempt the theme divine?
- 5 Not all the feeble notes of time
Can show forth God's high praise;
Nor all the noblest strains sublime
That earth or heaven can raise.
- 6 Yet this shall be our best employ,
Through life's uncertain days;
And in the realms of boundless joy,
Eternal be thy praise!

JERVIS.

473 *Praise for deliverance.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 Of his deliverance I will boast;
 Let all that are distressed,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just:
 Protection he affords to all
 Who make his name their trust.
- 4 Oh, make but trial of his love!—
 Experience will decide
 How blest are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints! and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight,—
 Your wants shall be his care.
- 6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
 The Lord will food provide
 For such as put their trust in him,
 And see their needs supplied.

TATE AND BRADY.

474 *Thanks for providence and grace.* C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
 My glory and my all;
 Unsent by Thee, no good can come,
 No evil can befall.
- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
 And methods of thy grace,
 That I may safely trust in Thee,
 Through all the wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
 Upholds me in the way;
 And thy rich bounty well supplies
 The wants of every day,

- 4 For such compassions, O my God!
 Ten thousand thanks are due;
 For such compassions, I esteem
 Ten thousand thanks too few.
-

475

Universal praise.

87.

- 1 **P**RAISE to Thee, thou great Creator!
 Praise be thine from every tongue;
 Join, my soul! with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
- 2 Father! source of all compassion!
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine:
 Hail the God of our salvation!
 Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
-

476

Praise to God.

C. M.

- 1 **Y**ES, I will bless Thee, O my God!
 Through all my mortal days,
 And to eternity prolong,
 Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling, happy hour,
 Be this my sweet employ;
 Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
 And doubles all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, and keen distress,
 Afflict my throbbing breast,
 My tears shall learn to speak thy praise,
 And lull each pain to rest.

- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim.
The honours of my God!
My life with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 Nor death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 6 How will my happy spirit mount,
Confined in flesh no more,
Up to thy courts, where kindred minds
In countless ranks adore.
- 7 There shall my lips, in endless praise,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day. HECINBOTHAM.

477

Praise to the Redeemer.

68.

- 1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O who can tell!
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

- 4 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not stay,
And bear our spirits home,
To realms of endless day;
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

STENNETH.

478

Grateful acknowledgment. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! God of love !
My Father and my God !
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

- 2 My soul in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy various love surges ;
Where shall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praise ?

- 3 In every period of my life
Thy kindest thoughts appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year

- 4 In all these mercies may my soul
A Father's bounty see,
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from Thee.

- 5 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, my God !
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.

- 6 In every varying mortal state,
Each bright, each dreary scene,
Give me a meek, a humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

- 7 Then should I close my eyes in death,
 Without one anxious fear;
 For death itself, my God, is life,
 If Thou art with me there.

HEGINSBORHAM.

479

Praise and hope.

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, if in the book of life
 My worthless name should stand,
 Written in fairest characters,
 By thine unerring hand;—
- 2 My soul thou wilt by grace prepare
 For crowns above the skies;
 And on the road, from thy rich stores,
 Wilt grant me fresh supplies.
- 3 Then I to Thee, in sweetest strains,
 Will grateful anthems raise;
 But life's too short, my powers too weak,
 To utter half thy praise.
- 4 Had I ten thousand thousand tongues,
 Not one should silent be;
 Had I ten thousand thousand hearts,
 I'd give them all to Thee.

480

Praise and supplication.

7.6.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God and Saviour
 My soul exulting springs;
 Rejoicing in thy favour,
 Almighty King of kings.
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all the saints above;
 And tell the pleasing story
 Of thy redeeming love.

- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east ;
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast,—
 My voice in supplication,
 Well pleased thou shalt hear :
 Oh grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By Thee, through life supported,
 I'll pass the dangerous road,
 By heavenly hosts escorted,
 Up to their bright abode ;
 There cast my crown before thee,
 When all my woes are o'er ;
 And day and night adore thee,—
 What can an angel more ?

DODDRIDGE

481

Praise to the Son.

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand seraph-tongues
 To bless th' Incarnate Word !
 O for a thousand thankful songs
 In honour of my Lord !
- 2 Come, tune afresh your golden lyres,
 Ye angels round the throne ;
 Ye saints, in all your sacred choirs,
 Adore th' eternal Son.
- 3 Yet ah ! how far beneath his feet
 Must faint your noblest lays !
 So high the theme, the notes tho' sweet,
 How short of his due praise !
- 4 His grace is known in heaven above ;
 His power is felt in hell ;
 His saints can ne'er speak half his love,
 Nor fiends his fury tell.

- 5 None but thy wisdom, Lord, hath known,
 None but thyself can trace
 The awful glories of thy throne,
 Or mysteries of thy grace.

BARBAULD.

482

Praise to Christ.

7s.

- 1 **I** WILL praise Thee every day!
 Now thine anger's turned away,
 Comfortable thoughts arise
 From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, in the fair gospel field,
 Wells of free salvation yield
 Streams of life a plenteous store,
 And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
 My salvation and my strength;
 And his praises shall prolong,
 While I live, my pleasant song.
- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
 Publish his exalted fame;
 Still his worth your praise exceeds,
 Excellent are all his deeds.
- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,
 Let the nations roll it round!
 Zion shout, for this is he,
 God the Saviour dwells in thee.

COWPER.

483

The same.

- 1 **T**O Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
 Its noblest tribute bring:
 When he's the subject of the song,
 Who can refuse to sing?

- 2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.
- 3 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'ersflow.
- 4 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 5 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.
- 7 To him I owe my life, and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And save me from the grave.
- 8 To heaven the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shews me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

STANBETT.

484

Praise to the Saviour.

7s.

- 1 **S**WEETER sounds than music knows
 Charm me in Immanuel's name;
 All her hopes my spirit owes.
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
- 2 When he came, the angels sung,
 'Glory be to God on high,'
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,
 Who should louder sing than I?
- 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil;
 Bleed and suffer in my room,—
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
- 4 No, I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are and weak;
 For should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak.
- 5 O my Saviour, shield, and sun
 Shepherd, brother, husband, friend,—
 Every precious name in one,—
 I will love Thee without end.

NEWTON.

485

Grateful praise for the work of redemption.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
 Your dying, rising Lord, to sing;
 And echo to the heavenly plains,
 The triumphs of your Saviour king.
- 2 In songs of grateful rapture tell
 How he subdued your potent foes;
 Subdued the powers of death and hell,
 And, dying, finished all your woes.

- 3 Then to his glorious throne on high
Returned, while hymning angels round,
Through the bright arches of the sky,
The God, the conquering God, resound.
- 4 Almighty love, victorious power !
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.
- 5 Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise ;
Yet Jesus hears the humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let thy wondrous grace,
Fill every heart and every tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song. STEELE.

486 *The love of Christ a theme for grateful
praise.* C. M.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song !
O may his love (immortal flame !)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach ?
What mortal tongue display ?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 Let wonder still with love unite,
And gratitude and joy :
Jesus be our supreme delight,
His praise our best employ :
- 4 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die !—
Was ever love like this ?

- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill every heart and tongue;
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.

STEENE.

487

Universal praise to Christ.

64.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high:
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 "Praise ye his name!"
 Angels, his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore;
 And saints, cry evermore,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 We who have felt his blood,
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 3 Join all the ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 Making a cheerful noise;
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 "Worthy the Lamb!"
- 4 Though we must change our place,
 Yet shall we never cease
 Praising his name:
 To him we'll tribute bring;
 Hail him our gracious king;
 And without ceasing sing
 "Worthy the Lamb!"

488 *The love of Christ—Christ a friend. C. M.*

- 1 **C**OME, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,
He, as our friend, is near;
With heaven and earth at his command,
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil his face,
And clouds surround his throne,
He hides the purpose of his grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains!

SWAIN.

489 *Ascription of praise to the Lamb. 8.7.*

- 1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing—
"Glory, glory to the Lamb!"
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
- 2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

- 3 Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise ;
Though despised on earth, and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.
- 4 See, the angelic host have crowned him,
Jesus fills the throne on high :
Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.
- 5 Peace and joy to every nation,
Let us sing with those above :
Sweet the theme—a free salvation !
Fruit of everlasting love.
- 6 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name :
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

KELLY.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us, rebels, live.
- 2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransomed with his own,
And died to make our peace.
- 3 To the almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory given ;
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.
- 4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore the eternal God ;
And spread his honours, and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join
One general song to raise;
And saints in earth and heaven combine
In harmony and praise.

WATTS.

491

Sanctification prayed for.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY healing Spirit, Lord, impart—
Refine, and sanctify my heart;
And with reflected beauty fair
Impress thy sacred image there.
- 2 Oh, train me for the seats of rest,
Where, in eternal glory blest,
My soul shall see thy lovely face,
And sing the triumphs of thy grace.

492

The image of God.

7s

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown;
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resigned
To thy will—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee my God.

MONTGOMERY.

493

Self-denial.

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go!—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honour, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear
Compared with thee, supremely good!
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls! could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

494

Worldly pleasures renounced.

L. M.

- 1 **Y**E gay deceivers of the mind,
Ye dreams of happiness, adieu;
No more your soft enchantments bind,—
This heart was never made for you.
- 2 The brightest joy your smile can boast
Is but a moment's glittering light;
It sparkles now, and then 'tis lost,—
Extinguished in the shades of night.
- 3 Begone, with all your soothing charms!
Pleasure on earth! O empty name!
Superior joy my bosom warms,
And heaven approves the sacred flame.

- 4 To perfect bliss my soul aspires,
That shines with never-fading ray;
Nor less can satiate my desires,
Than full delight, and endless day.
- 5 Blest be the kind, the gracious power
That gently called, and bade me rise,
And taught my nobler thoughts to soar
To happiness beyond the skies.

STEELK.

495 *Appeal to Christ for the sincerity of love to him.*
C. M.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

- 6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honour of thy name?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp th' immortal flame?
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord:
 But O! I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more. *RODRIDGE.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my Father, blissful name!
 O may I call thee mine,
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly;
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign,
 For thou art good, and just, and wise;
 O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear;
 And let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.
- 5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight;
 Yet let my soul adoring own
 That all thy ways are right.
- 6 My God, my Father, be thy name
 My solace and my stay;
 Lord, wilt thou seal my humble claim,
 And drive my fears away? *STEELE.*

497 *I will trust and not be afraid.* 10.11.

- 1 **B**E GONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide :
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail;
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.
- 4 Determined to save, he watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death :
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame ?
- 5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain ?—he told me no less :
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live !
His way was much rougher and darker than mine ;
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine ?
- 7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food ;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long.
And then, Oh how pleasant the conqueror's song !

NEWTON.

498 *Prayer for sincerity.* C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! when we bend before thy throne
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam peace upon our heart.
- 3 When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.
- 4 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 5 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.
-

499 *Trust in God, under the hidings of his face*
C. M.

OFFENDED Majesty! how long
Wilt thou conceal thy face?
How long refuse my fainting soul
The succours of thy grace?

- 2 Let thy returning Spirit, Lord!
Dispel the shades of night;
Smile on my dark deserted soul,—
My God! thy smiles are light.
- 2 Never will I repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust;
I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.

4 To doubt thy goodness would be base
 Ingratitude in me;
 Past favours shall renew my hopes,
 And fix my faith in Thee.

5 Indulgent God! my willing tongue
 Thy praises shall prolong;
 For oh! thy bounty fires my breast,
 And rapture swells my song.

N. COTTON.

500

The same. L. M.—6 lines.

- 1 **O** LET my trembling soul be still,
 While darkness veils this mortal eye,
 And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
 Wrapt yet in tears and mystery;
 I cannot, Lord! thy purpose see,
 Yet all is well—since ruled by thee.
- 2 Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
 The narrow path of duty on;
 What tho' some cherished joys are fled?
 What tho' some flattering dreams are gone?
 Yet purer brighter joys remain:
 Why should my spirit then complain?

501

Trust in Providence.

C. M.

- 1 **A** LMIGHTY father of mankind,
 On thee my hopes remain;
 And, when the day of trouble comes,
 I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 Thou art our kind preserver, from
 The cradle to the tomb,
 And I was cast upon thy care,
 E'en from my mother's womb.

- 3 In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend :
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.
- 4 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean :
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.
- 5 In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar ;
Nor didst Thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.
- 6 My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat ;
And, when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet,
- 7 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 8 Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

LOGAN.

502 "Oh that I were as in months past." C. M

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt ;
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

- 3 In vain the tempter spreads his wiles;
The world no more can charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine:
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spake
Of what his love hath done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chattering noise,
For Jesus hides his face;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.
- 8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail:
O come without delay.

NEWTON.

503 *Committing our ways unto the Lord.* S. M.

- 1 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands;
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

- 3 Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on:
Fix on his word thy stedfast eye,
So shall thy work be done:
- 4 No profit can'st thou gain
By self-consuming care
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.
- 5 Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 6 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time,—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

LUTHER.

504

Christ the life of the soul.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fixed on thy everlasting word;
That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives:
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immoveable the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

- 5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose !
 If Jesus is for ever mine,
 Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.
- 6 Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down,
 To Thee reveal my guilt and fear !
 And, if thou spurn me from thy throne,
 I'll be the first who perished there.

STEELE.

505

Fear not.

C. M. C.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
 Be mercy all your theme ;
 Mercy, which like a river flows,
 In one perpetual stream.
- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell,
 God will those powers restrain ;
 His arm shall all their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good ;
 He will for his provide ;
 Grant them supplies of daily food,
 And all they need beside.
- 4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
 Or leave his work undone ;
 He's faithful to his promises,
 And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
 Or death's tremendous sting ;
 He will from endless wrath preserve,
 To endless glory bring.

BENT

506

Despair prevented.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardons rich and free,
And grace, an overwhelming flood?
- 2 Who, then, shall drive my trembling-soul
From Thee, to regions of despair?
Who has surveyed the sacred roll,
And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,—
To limit mercy's sovereign reign:
What other happy souls have found,
I'll seek; nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt; my sins confess;
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberless,
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,—
While I remember Jesus died,
'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
To seek salvation at his side.

507

Mary's choice.

L. M.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treacherous heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise ;
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.
- DODDRIDGE.

508

The watchful Christian.

S. M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
 Each in his office wait,
 Observant of his heavenly word,
 And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden flame ;
 Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
 For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command,
 And while we speak, he's near ;
 Mark the first signal of his hand,
 And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
 In such a posture found ;
 He shall his Lord with rapture see
 And be with honour crowned.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
 With his ~~own~~ royal hand,
 And raise that favourite servant's head
 Amidst the angelic band.

DODDRIDGE.

II. ORDINATIONS, &c.—OPENING PLACES OF WORSHIP.

509 *Gospel ministry instituted by Christ.* L. M.

FOR AN ORDINATION.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage, and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung the apostle's honored name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise;
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And fed by Christ their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

DODDRIDGE.

510 *Watching for souls in the view of the great account.* C. M.

FOR THE ORDINATION OF A MINISTER.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
~~But what~~ what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
D^{iff} Heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live,
In raptures, or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

DODDRIDGE.

511 *The goodness of God acknowledged, in giving pastors after his own heart.* L. M.

AT THE SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep;
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modelled by thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear;
And by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread.
- 4 Here thou hast listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise. DODDRIIDGE.

512

Prayer for a pastor.

C M

- 1 **F**ATHER of spirits, from thy hand
Our souls immortal came;
And still thine energy divine
Supports the ethereal flame.
- 2 By Thee our spirits all are known;
And each remotest thought
Lies wide expanded to his eye,
By whom their powers were wrought.
- 3 To Thee, when mortal comforts fail,
Thy flock deserted flies;
And, on the eternal Shepherd's care,
Our cheerful hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful servants' dust
Thy dear assemblies mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Israel's God, return.

- 5 The powers of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace ;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up
Through every rising race.
- 6 Exert thy sacred influence here,
And here thy supplicants bless ;
And change, to strains of cheerful praise,
Their accents of distress.
- 7 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed ;
And with a steady, growing pace,
To Zion's mount be led.

DOODRIDGE.

513 *Prayer for the ministers of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 **C**HIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee !
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will ;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 In flame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach ;
And gracious Lord, O let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

NEWTON.

514 *Prayer for ministers.* L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;
We plead for those who plead for Thee,
Successful pleaders may we be.

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge :
Their best acquirements are our gain,
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine ;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;
Teach their immortal souls to gain,
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;
In humble strains thy grace adore,
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains,
And light through distant realms be spread,
Till Zion rears her drooping head. *BENEDIXE.*

- 1 **T**O thy great name, O Prince of peace !
Our grateful song we raise ;
Accept, thou Sun of righteousness,
The tribute of our praise.
- 2 In widowed state these walls no more
Their mourning weeds shall wear ;
Thy messenger shall joy restore,
And every loss repair.
- 3 Thy providence our souls admire,
With joy its windings trace,
And shout, in one united choir,
The triumphs of thy grace !

- 4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain;
Here let thy presence dwell;
And thousands, loosed from Satan's chain,
Raise from the brink of hell.
- 5 May purity be here maintained,
Peace like a river flow,
And pious zeal, and love unfeigned,
In every bosom glow.

WILLIAMS.

516

Death of a minister.

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade:
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue;—
- 4 The eternal shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are sold in dust.

DOBBIN, &c.

517 *On opening a place of worship.* C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
 And Lord of all below;
 Before thy glorious Majesty,
 Ten thousand seraphs bow.
- 2 Yet thou art not confined above,
 Thy presence knows no bound;
 Where'er thy praying people meet,
 There thou art always found.
- 3 Behold, a temple raised for thee,
 O meet thy people here;
 Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
 And in thy church appear.
- 4 Here, may salvation be proclaimed,
 Through thy most precious blood;
 And sinners know the joyful sound,
 And own the Saviour, God.
- 5 Here; may a numerous crowd arise,
 To bow before thy throne;
 Here, may their songs salute the skies,
 To ages yet unknown.

518 *On opening a new place.* C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, here
 Thy presence now display;
 As thou hast given a place for prayer,
 So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Shew us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That we may render praise.

- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind, bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!
- 5 May we in faith receive the word,
In faith present our prayers:
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON.

519 *The church the birth-place of the saints.*
L. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will He, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise,
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE.

520

Re-opening a place. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 5 [Behold ! at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]
- 6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near :
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear :
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down.
And make our waiting hearts thine own.

COWPER.

VII. MISCELLANEOUS:

OR

HYMNS FOR DIFFERENT OCCASIONS.

521 *After a charity sermon for the benefit of the sick poor.* C. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHT source of everlasting love!
To thee our souls we raise:
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life
With every cheering ray;
Kindly restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When, sunk in guilt, our souls approached
The borders of despair;
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaimed
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord!
For all the grace we see?
Alas! the goodness worms can yield
Extendeth not to Thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair,
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Believe the mourner's care.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy,
The orphan's breast shall glow;
Thus streams of mercy, from our God,
Through human channels flow.

- 7 So passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light will shine ;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's name divine.

BODEN.

522 *Relieving Christ in his poor saints.* C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !
Thy bounties how complete !
How shall I count the matchless sum ?
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine ;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine ?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face with reverence and with love
I in thy poor would see ;
O, rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from Thee.

DOUGLASS.

523 *Sunday School.* C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to thee, a lowly band,
We raise our artless prayer,
And bless thy kind preserving hand . . .
For all the good we share . . .

- 2 Once with a helpless, hopeless throng,
E'en on thy holy day,
In sin we held our course along,
And trifled time away.
- 3 Unknown, untutored, and forlorn,
We sought the downward road,
Far on the stream of pleasure borne
From happiness and God.
- 4 But now, instructed, with delight
Thy Spirit we implore,
To guide our youthful feet aright,
That we may err no more.
- 5 O may the word of truth divine
Our earliest thoughts engage,
On life's unfolding prospects shine,
And crown our growing age.

BLATTER.

524 *The duty and pleasure of supporting charity schools.* C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

- 4 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.
- 5 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

STRAPHAN.

525

Family religion.

L. M.

1. **F**ATHER of all! thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From Thee they spring, and by thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained,
- 2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.
- 3 To Thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name!
While pleased and thankful we remove
To join the family above.

DODDRIDGE.

526

Christ's regard to little children.

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
 And yield them up to Thee:
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
 'Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust,
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts
 If weeping o'er their dust. DODDRIDGE.

527

Desiring success.

C. M.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God!
 With rays of beauty shine:
 O let thy favour crown our days,
 And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hearts to Thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain;
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let every week begin,
 With Thee each day be spent,
 For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
 Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us thro' this desert road,
 Till all our labours cease;
 And heaven refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace. DODDRIDGE.

528

Prayer for a child.

C. M.

- 1 **F**AIN, O my child, I'd have thee know
The God whom angels love ;
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to their's above.
- 2 O when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.
- 3 I'll move thine ear—I'll point thine eye ;
But ah ! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit ! hear the sigh
That trembles through my heart.
- 4 Break, with thy vital beam benign,
O'er all the mental wild !
Bright o'er the human chaos shine,
And sanctify my child.

529

How shall a young man cleanse his way ?

S. M.

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
My God, to thee I pray ;
O make me learn, whilst I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know ;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.

- 4 My heart, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
- 5 O let thy word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 6 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclined;
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 7 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

FAWCETT.

530

Prayer for young people.

C. M.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes,
The voice of sovereign love!
Your youth is stained with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 True you are young, but there's a stone
Within the youngest breast,
Or half the crimes which you have done
Would rob you of your rest.

- 5 For you the public prayer is made,
 Oh ! join the public prayer !
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 O shed yourselves a tear !
- 6 We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's power to teach ;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Saviour whom we preach.

COWPER.

531 *Encouragement of young persons to seek and
 love Christ* C. M.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you :
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to seek my face,
 Is sure my love to gain :
 And those that early seek my grace,
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compared with thee ?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind !
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 For here true bliss I find.

DODDRIDGE.

532

Morning.

C. M.

- 1 **K**IND Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Accept the thanks I bring;
Beneath thy smiles, my feeble powers
Would their preserver sing.
- 2 Give me thyself, the only good,
And ever with me stay;
Whose faithful mercies are renewed,
With each returning day.
- 3 Ah! guide me with a father's eye,
Nor from my soul depart;
But let the day-star from on high
Illuminate my heart.
- 4 This day preserve me without sin,
Unspotted in thy ways;
And hear me, while I usher in
The welcome morn, with praise.
- 5 Far as the east from west, remove
Each earthly vain desire;
And raise me on the wings of love,
O raise me daily higher.
- 6 Let all my words and all my ways
Declare that I am thine;
That so the light of truth and grace,
Before the world may shine.

533

Morning Hymn.

L. M.

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,—
I drink again the morning light.

- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God ! to Thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress !
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes .
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

HAWKESWORTH.

534

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.
- 3 May I, like them, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like them, my Maker's will,
And celebrate his glories still.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew !
Guard my first springs of thought and will
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say :
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me, while I slept,
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

KENN.

535

A morning song

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT secret hand, at morning light,
 By stealth unseals mine eye,
 Draws back the curtain of the night,
 And opens earth and sky ?
- 2 'Tis thine, my God—the same that kept
 My resting hours from harm ;
 No ill came nigh me, for I slept
 Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,
 Like manna scattered round,
 And clothes me, as the lily springs
 In beauty from the ground.
- 4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
 And gave my pulse to beat ;
 That bare me oft through flood and flame,
 Through tempest, cold, and heat.
- 5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
 'Twould there my steps attend,
 Guide with the staff my lonely way,
 And with the rod defend.
- 6 May that dear hand uphold me still,
 Through life's uncertain race,
 To bring me to thine holy hill,
 And to thy dwelling-place.

MONTGOMERY.

536

Morning or evening hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, while I survey,
To Thee my thanks shall rise;
When morning ushers in the day,
Or evening veils the skies.
- 2 From thy almighty forming hand,
I drew my vital powers;
My time revolves at thy command,
Through all its circling hours.
- 3 When glimmering life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune my breath;
The sweet remembrance of thy name,
Shall cheer the gloom of death.
- 4 Then shall a nobler song arise,
When freed from feeble clay
Thy brightest glories meet my eyes,
In one eternal day.

DR. FLAXMAN.

537

An evening song.

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.
- 2 My days unclouded, as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful can from Thee depart;
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

- 4 When calm reflection finds a place,
How vile this wretched heart appears!
O let thy all-subduing grace,
Melt it in penitential tears.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eye-lids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

STEELE.

538

The same.

L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day
- 4 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye lids close;
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Celestial joys to me rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or let my soul all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

- 7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

KENN.

539

Evening devotion.

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, from the altar of our hearts,
 Let flames of incense rise ;
 Assist us, Lord, to offer up
 Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
 Have made up all this day ;
 Minutes came quick, but mercies were
 More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
 Do a new song require :
 Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
 Accept our heart's desire.
- 4 Lord of our time ! whose hand hath set
 New time upon the score,
 Thee may we praise for all our time,
 When time shall be no more.

MASON.

540

Evening hymn.

8.7

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing,—
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be;
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb;
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

EDMESTON.

541

Another.

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown;
 And we, a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
 To praises low as ours?
 Thou wilt!—for thou dost love to hear
 The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before Thee pray;
 For thou didst bless the infant train,—
 And we are less than they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led;
 The Sun of Holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.
- 6 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet
 And thou wilt bless our way;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

KIRKE WHITE.

542

Thoughts, while sleepless.

7s.

- 1 **W**HAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.
- 2 He, in night's serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse
Sweeter far than midnight dews,—
- 3 Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love:
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with Thee !
- 4 What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay ?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.
- 5 Tender friends a while might mourn
Me from their embraces torn ;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.
- 6 See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high !
See the golden gates displayed !
See the crown to grace my head !
- 7 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night !
Transitory world, farewell !
Jesus calls with him to dwell.
- 8 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest,
Welcome sleep or death to me ;
Still secure, for still with Thee.

DODDRIDGE.

543

Friends, meeting.

C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, let us strike our harps afresh
To great Jehovah's name ;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues
When we his love proclaim.
- 2 'Twas by his bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part ;
'Tis by his care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.
- 3 Blest be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare ;
And blest the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.
- 4 O may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.
- 5 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;
Soon shall our wanderings cease ;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace !

REED.

544

Hoping to meet in heaven.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE in the world we yet remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see that day,
Should chase our present griefs away :
A few short years of conflict past
We meet around the throne at last.

- 3 Then let us here improve these hours,—
 Improve them to a Saviour's praise :
 To him with zeal devote our powers,
 And run with joy in wisdom's ways,
-

545

Welcome to Christian friends. L. M.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only He can give.
- 2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above,
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 [Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians meet together thus ;
 We only wish to speak of him,
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffered for us here below ;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.]

NEWTON.

546

Parting hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the interview with friends
Whose hopes and aims are one ;
All earthly pleasures it transcends,
And swift the moments run.
- 2 Of sympathy and love possess'd,
Our sorrows we impart ;
And when with pure enjoyments bless'd,
They go from heart to heart.
- 3 Pursuing still our way to bliss,
A weak and feeble band,
We trust in Christ our righteousness,
Who will our strength command.
- 4 Though for a season we must part,
As urgent duties call,
Still we remain but one in heart,
And Jesus is our all.
- 5 Oh may his spirit guide our feet,
Inspire our hearts with love,
Then, though on earth no more we meet,
We all shall meet above.

547

A parting prayer.

7s.

- 1 **N**OW may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight :
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night !

- 3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
 Who the covenant sealed with blood,
 Let our hearts and voices raise
 Loud thanksgiving to our God: NEWTON.
-

548

A parting hymn.

L. M.

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS! brethren! ere we part
 Join every voice and every heart,
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore;
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Brethren, we all shall meet again.
- 3 Now to God the Three in One,
 Be eternal glory done;
 Raise, ye saints, the sound again;
 Ye nations join the loud Amen!

KIRKE WHITE.

549

For a public fast.

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend!
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
 Thy dreadful power display;
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spared,
 Ungrateful as we are?
 O make thy awful warnings heard,
 While mercy cries, 'Forbear.'

- 4 What numerous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle !
What land so favoured of the skies,
And yet what land so vile !
- 5 How changed, alas !—are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
Their pleasures they require ;
And sink with gay indifference down
To everlasting fire.
7. O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear ;
Secure of never-failing aid,
If God, our God, is near.

STEELES.

550

Thanksgiving for peace.

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the earth, or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life,—thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain —
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing
 (Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled !
 Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord !
 All move subservient to thy will ;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 6 To Thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore !
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
 Confess thy goodness and adore.

STEELE.

NEW YEAR.

551

Help obtained of God.

L. M

- 1 **G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand
 By which supported still we stand :
 The opening year thy mercy shows ;
 Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still are we guarded by our God,
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be thou our joy, and thou our rest .
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

DODDRIDGE.

552

The new year.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life ! inspire my song ;
To Thee my noblest powers belong ;
Grant me thy favourite seraph's flame,
To sing the glories of thy name.
- 2 Ten thousand favours claim my song,
And each demands an angel's tongue ;
Mercy sits smiling on the wings
Of every moment as it springs.
- 3 But oh ! with infinite surprise
I see returning years arise ;
When unimproved the former score,
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more ?
- 4 Thousands this period hoped to see ;
Denied to thousands, granted me ;
Thousands ! that weep, and wish, and pray,
For those rich hours I throw away.
- 5 The tribute of my heart receive ;
'Tis the poor all I have to give ;
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest
The guilty traitor from my breast.

COTTON.

553

Revolution of the seasons.

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD of our life ! thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound :
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

- 2 To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend ;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.
- 3 In every scene of life, thy care,
In every age, we see ;
And constant as thy favours are
So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in every scene,
In every age, appear ;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.
- 5 O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free ;
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee.
- 6 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God ;
And in affliction I will sing,
If thou wilt bless the rod.

554 *The return of spring celebrated.* S. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! at thy command
Seasons in order rise ;
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air !
How warm the solar beams !
And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.
- 3 With grateful praise we own,
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herbs and corn
For men, enrich the land.

- 4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son ;
By him forgiveness, peace, and joy
Through endless ages run. GIBBONS.
-

555

On the spring.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE icy chains that bound the earth
Are now dissolved and gone :
Waked by the sun, the blooming spring
Puts his new livery on
- 2 Where awful desolation reigned,
Blest plenty rears her head ;
Exulting with a smile to see
Her late destroyer fled,
- 3 Teeming with life, th' advancing sun
Protracts the falling day ;
Grand light of heaven ! he seems to wish
To make a longer stay.
- 4 In clouds of gold behold him set,
Beyond the west he flies :
Short is his nightly course, and soon
He gilds the eastern skies.
- 5 My soul, in every scene admire
The wisdom and the power :
Behold the God in every plant,
In every opening flower.
- 6 Yet in his word, the God of grace
Has wrote his fairer name :
The wonders of redeeming love
My noblest songs shall claim.
- 7 With warmest beams, thou God of grace,
Shine on this heart of mine ;
Turn thou my winter into spring,
And be the glory thine. NEEDHAM.

556

The spring.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE beauty clothes the fertile vale
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!
- 2 How kind the influence of the skies;
Soft showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- 3 O let my wandering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.
- 5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song;
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

STERILE.

557

For a fruitful season.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! to thy bounteous care we owe,
The clouds that cause our fields to grow;
And streams which through our vallies glide,
And fruitful crops of corn provide.
- 2 Thy rain makes soft the harrowed clod,
And numerous blades break through the sod;
Then rising to the waving ear,
At length in ripened grain appear.

- 3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop,
Our very paths with fatness drop,
And teeming nature's cheerful voice
Seems in thy bounty to rejoice.
- 4 The little hills have praising tongues:
The fruitful vales break forth in songs;
While numerous bleating flocks are seen
Dancing among the pastures green.
- 5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,
And joy shall animate each face;
With living spring our souls renew,
Our hearts shall leap and praise Thee too.

COBBIN.

558

Harvest Hymn.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers;
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue, his goodness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

NEEDHAM.

559

For the weeks of harvest.

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT sovereign Lord, what human eye
Amidst thy works can rove,
And not thy liberal hand espy,
Nor trace thy bounteous love?
- 2 Each star that gilds the heavenly frame,
On earth each verdant clod,
In language loud to men proclaim
The great and bounteous God
- 3 The lesson each revolving year
Repeats in various ways;
Rich thy provisions, Lord, appear,
The poor shall shout thy praise.
- 4 Our fruitful fields and pastures tell
Of man and beast thy care;
The thriving corn thy breezes fill,
Thy breath perfumes the air.
- 5 But O! what human eye can trace,
Or human heart conceive,
The greater riches of thy grace
Impoverished souls receive.
- 6 Love everlasting has not spared
Its best beloved Son,
And in him endless life prepared,
For souls by sin undone.

BOYCE.

560

Thanksgiving for a good harvest. C. M.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love!
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And mild refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
 Matured the swelling grain;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
 Thy hand all nature hails;
 Seed-time, nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter, fails.

561

Winter.

C. M.

- 1 **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
 Encircling nature round;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crowned!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 My heart, where mental winter reigns
 In night's dark mantle clad,
 Confined in cold inactive chains,
 How desolate and sad!
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray:
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness, cheerful day.

- 5 O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 [Great source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter chills no more.]

STEELE.

562 *Reflections on our waste of years.* C. M.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year!
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
 How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done,
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year;
 And study artful ways t' increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my careless heart
 Its great concern to see;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to Thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise;
 Or this shall bear my happy soul,
 To joy that never dies.

DODDRIDGE.

563 *The seasons crowned with goodness.* L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy.
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear
To hail Thee sovereign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole!
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring, at thy command
Perfumes the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

DODDRIDGE

564 *The wisdom of redeeming time.* L. M

- 1 **G**OD of eternity, from thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and slow they glide away,
Steady and strong the current flows
Lost in eternity's wide sea;
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to that everlasting home,
Where not one soul can e'er return
- 4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the price of every hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its power.

DODDRIDGE.

565 *The shortness of time, and frailty of man.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears:
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears.
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe,
And dies and leaves them all behind.

and

- 4 O be a nobler portion mine ;
 My God, I bow before thy throne,
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hope on Thee alone.

STEELE.

566 *Earth forsaken and heaven anticipated.*

L. M.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time,
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth
 Why should we grovel here on earth ?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys ?
- 3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God ?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
 That sets our longing souls at large ;
 Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
 And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
 Is the full heaven enjoyed above ;
 And the sweet expectation now
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

GIBBONS

567 *Time and eternity.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies ?

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay :
 They fade upon the sight ;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain !
 With conscious sighs we own ;
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !
- 5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord ! send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim !
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.
- 7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise
 To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
 Immortal in the skies.

STEELE.

- **L**O ! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand ;
 Yet how insensible !
 A point of time, a moment's space,
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell !

- 2 O God ! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late,
By free and sovereign grace.
- 3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
O tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?
- 4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy joy and holy fear,
To make my calling sure !
Assist, O Lord, a feeble worm,
Then shall I all thy will perform,
And to the end endure !
- 5 [Then, Saviour ! then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.]

C. WESLEY.

569 *The vanity of worldly schemes.* C. M.

- 1 **F**EW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."
- 2 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head ;
The numbered hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

- 3 Where are our fathers ? whither gone
 The mighty men of old ?
 The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
 In sacred books enrolled ?
- 4 Gone to the resting place of man,
 The weary pilgrim's home ;
 Where ages past have gone before,
 Where future ages come.
- 5 So man departs this earthly scene,
 To sleep in death's cold gloom,
 Until th' eternal morning break
 The slumbers of the tomb.
- 6 Then shall a second spring revive
 The ashes of the urn ;
 And he who gave them life at first,
 Shall bid that life return.
- 7 O may the grave become to me
 A bed of peaceful rest ;
 Till I triumphantly arise,
 And mingle with the blest.

LOGAN.

570. *Wisdom of improving time.* S. M.

- 1 **T**O morrow, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away ;
 O make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Waken by thine almighty power
 The aged and the young.

- 4 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

DODDRIDGE.

571

The world, its vanity.

C. M.]

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world enquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will supply our vast desires,
Or shew us any good?"
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
Their most intense pursuit ;
Or, if they seize the fancied good,
There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world, call off my love,
Set my affections right ;
Bid me aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face
Upon my bosom shine ;
Assured of thy forgiving grace,
My joys will be divine.

STENNETT.

572 *The vanity of the world an argument for heavenly-mindedness.* L.

- 1 **I**N vain my roving thoughts would find
A portion worthy of the mind ;
On earth my soul can never rest,
For earth can never make me blest.
- 2 Can lasting happiness be found
Where seasons roll their hasty round,
And days and hours, with rapid flight,
Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight ?
- 3 Arise, my thoughts, my heart arise,
Leave this low world and seek the skies ;
There joys for ever, ever last,
When seasons, days, and hours are past.
- 4 Come, Lord, thy powerful grace impart,
Thy grace can raise my wandering heart
To pleasures, perfect and sublime,
Unmeasured by the wings of time.
- 5 Let those bright worlds of endless joy,
My thoughts, my hopes, my cares employ ;
No more, ye restless passions, roam,
God is my bliss, and heaven my home.

573 *The world an unsatisfying portion.* C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN fancy spreads her boldest wing
And wanders unconfined
Amid the boundless scene of things,
Which entertain the mind ;
- 2 In vain I trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor,
Too mean to make me blest.

- 3 In vain would this low world employ,
 Each flattering specious wile:
 There's nought can yield a real joy,
 But my Creator's smile.
- 4 Let earth and all her charms depart,
 Unworthy of the mind;
 In God alone, this restless heart
 An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Great spring of all felicity,
 To whom my wishes tend!
 Do not these wishes rise from thee,
 And in thy favour end?

STEELE.

574

The same.

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God! to Thee my soul aspires;
 Dispel the shades of night;
 Enlarge and fill my vast desires
 With infinite delight.
- 2 Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
 Heaven dawns in every ray;
 One glimpse of Thee will cheer my heart,
 And turn my night to day.
- 3 Not all the good which earth bestows
 Can fill the craving mind;
 Its highest joys have mingled woes,
 And leave a sting behind.
- Should boundless wealth increase my store,
 Can wealth my cares beguile?
 I should be wretched still, and poor,
 Without thy blissful smile.

STEELE.

575

Earthly pleasures vain.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW vain a thought is bliss below,
 'Tis all an airy dream !
 How empty are the joys that flow
 On pleasure's smiling stream !
- 2 Transparent now, and all serene,
 The gentle current flows :
 While fancy draws the flattering scene,
 How fair the landscape shows !
- 3 But soon its transient charms decay,
 When ruffling tempests blow :
 The soft delusions fleet away,
 And pleasure ends in woe.
- 4 O let my nobler wishes soar
 Beyond these seats of night :
 In heaven substantial bliss explore,
 And permanent delight !
- 5 There pleasure flows for ever clear ;
 And, rising to the view,
 Such dazzling scenes of joy appear
 As fancy never drew.
- 6 No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
 Nor airy form beguiles ;
 But everlasting bliss displays
 Her undissembled smiles.

STEELE.

576

God the everlasting light of the saints above.

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light :
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.

- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames array'd,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.
- 3 The Father of eternal light,
 Shall there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
 With that unvaried day.
- 4 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes;
 Nor the meridian sun decline
 Amidst those brighter skies.
- 5 There all the millions of his saints
 Shall in one song unite,
 And each the bliss of all shall view
 With infinite delight.

DODDRIDGE.

DOXOLOGIES.

577 *Praise to the Triune God.* L. M.

- 1 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
 flow;
 Praise him all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

KENN.

578 *Our God for ever and ever.* 8s.

- 1 THIS God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful unchangeable friend,
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And neither knows measure nor end:

'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HART.

579

Eternal praise.

7s.

- 1 **S**ING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

580

Another.

L. M.

- 1 **T**O God, the Lord, while life endure,
To God, the Son, and Spirit pure,
From day to night, and night to day,
Our souls shall ceaseless honours pay.

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Another.

C. M:

- 1 **T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

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		39..4.....	565	73..26.....	276
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		39..12.....	250	76..1,2.....	339
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